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TRAVELS IN SEARCH

OF A

OF

AMERICA AND CANADA.

BY

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE,

Author of "The History of Co-operation in England."

"We must cease altogether to say that England is an island off the north-western coast of Europe. * * We must cease to think that Emigrants, when they go to the Colonies, leave England, or are lost to England. * * Contemplate the whole Empire together, and call it all England: we shall see that here too is a 'United States'—a great, homogeneous people, dispersed over boundless space."—"*Expansion of England:*" *Prof. J. R. Seeley.*

LONDON:
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1884.

LIMITED EDITION—TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

To Mr. A. B. Wakefield

from his friend D. Crossley

Halifax June 9th 190

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TO

MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON,

OF AMERICA,

WHOSE CEASELESS MUNIFICENCE AND NOBLER SYMPATHIES

ARE RENDERED IN AID OF JUSTICE,

IRRESPECTIVE OF COLOUR, SEX, OR OPINION;

AND EVER PROMOTING THAT LARGER SOCIALISM OF LIFE,

REPRESENTED BY TEMPERANCE, TOLERATION, AND SELF-HELP:

WHICH OFTEN FRUSTRATED IS ALWAYS ADVANCING:

THIS RECORD OF "TRAVELS" WHICH SHE ENCOURAGED

IS INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

My story of the "Hundred Days among the Canadians and Americans in 1883" is ended. Like its predecessor, "Among the Americans in 1879," it has been written merely to satisfy the rash curiosity of friends who wished to know what occurred on the way. Both narratives might bear the one title of "Travels in Canada and America in Search of a Settler's Guide-book." Of some 300 persons who have written to me for copies of the Guide-book since issued by the Government of Canada, most have taken occasion to say that they have been interested in reading these chapters on their periodical appearance. CARLYLE, in his earliest letter to EMERSON, relates that "one Irishman in Cork wrote a letter to another in Edinburgh containing the friendliest possible recognitions of me. One mortal then says I am *not* utterly wrong. Blessings on him for it." Thus I have more encouragement to issue this story in a separate form than fell to the author of Teufelsdrockh. Though I am a cosmopolitan, and believe in universal principles, I do not believe in universal buyers, and therefore print only 500 copies. As I shall probably give away 100 copies, there will remain 400 for sale. As there are one million and a half of Co-operators, I calculate that each 10,000, by co-operating together, may take one copy among them. That, if it comes so to pass, will carry off 150 copies. Mr. MULLINS, of Birmingham—it being my native town—may buy one for the Free Library, of which he is custodian; and Mr. W. E. A. AXON may suggest that one be taken for the Free Library of Manchester. In Leicester, where I have a friend who is a Book Store keeper, another copy may be disposed of, and in Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, one

may be got into the market in each of those places. In the American cities of New York, Springfield, Florence, Boston, and Washington, one copy each is sure to be sold; and not less in the Canadian cities of Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal. Probably the Pueblo Indians, who come into Santa Fé to sell wood, may take a copy, and one I feel sure will be bought by Indian correspondents in Calcutta. Since Mr. NUTTALL has gone to Melbourne, I count upon one being sold in Australia. I am told I might put down two copies for each of the nine American and Canadian cities I have named, making 27 copies in all. Thus, 100 plus 150 plus 27—make the disposal of 277 almost certain. As neither the *Co-operative News* nor the *Boston Index* (which have issued these chapters) is able to supply any complete sets of them, I have provided 228 copies for what are called the "general public," namely, for those rash, curious, irresponsible, and venturesome readers, happily to be found all over the world, who, being without fear or discretion, are the ultimate friends in whom an author puts his final trust for means of paying his printer's bill. Their day of reward comes when the second-hand booksellers' catalogues mark the work "very scarce," at four times its original price.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

34, Alfred Place West,
South Kensington,
London, S.W.

May, 1884.

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was working. On my voyage out in 1879 I felt no change. While travelling in America, I felt no exaltation. On my return I was not conscious of being better or worse. Yet all the while I was entirely changed. The sense of intermittent weariness had gone out of my mind and no more returned. In 1882 I longed to be again on the Atlantic, not doubting that I should rejoice in sight of the shoreless sea, and it all came to pass, even as I had imagined. The second Sunday at sea on the voyage out ended with the wildest night I had seen. However, I had enjoyment in watching it, and counted that a gain.

There is no dust at sea. That is one of the first satisfactions which comes to a writer in London, whose books and papers are daily covered with the nimble particles. It again seems to me that a pleasant and useful book might be written on Sea Things and Sea Ways. The discomfort of sickness on the ocean, which comes to so many, is as much imaginary as mechanical. It is pretty much with sailing as with swimming, those who have the most confidence swim the best. New voyagers fare better who keep their eyes from observing anything whose motion they can measure. Had I time and sufficient means, I should like much to make voyages in the chief vessels of the best known lines, to describe their peculiarities and special advantages. There is no doubt that if a shipbuilder had instructions or permission to use his best judgment he might, as captains have told me, greatly improve the arrangements for the convenience and comfort of steerage passengers. There are difficulties in introducing improvements, as the first vessel having them would be popular and passengers would crowd to it, avoiding other vessels. Railway companies are reluctant to introduce improvements in carriages, as it disqualifies other rolling stock. In this way improvements are delayed, long after steamship and railway companies are quite convinced that they should and ought to be introduced. Since passenger vessels multiply every year, and will multiply more in the future, and an increasing number of people have to spend no mean portion of their lives at sea, it is surprising that obvious conveniences, such, at least, as are inexpensive, are not supplied. There are the rooms of captain, doctor, purser, and other officers, bearing designation on the outside, generally written on plates so indistinctly that new passengers pass them scores of times without observing where they are, or knowing where to go to if they require to communicate with the official occupants. Besides, the names on the doors are

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fast time, when remains of meals find their way into the waters. Having obtained all they can, they retire, and do not return until luncheon time. They know the hour when the repast bells ring as well as the passengers do. The dolphins and porpoises, farther out at sea, seem to understand when the steam hotel comes by, and follow it. One Sunday morning a fine shoal leaped out of the water in the bright sunshine, and kept up with us for two hours. Gradually the fatter kind fell behind, but two fine lean ones kept ahead for a time, like two champions at a race, of more pluck and speed than their fellows, and who arrive at the winning post together. Their behaviour appeared, to more experienced travellers than myself, quite like a human contest. In fact an old colonel standing by me cheered the foremost fish.

On the last Sunday of our voyage we had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. G. C. LORIMER, of Chicago, preach. On previous voyages Church of England clergymen were selected who were less competent and less distinguished than several American ministers on board. This time I suggested that if the authorities of the ship had difficulty in making the selection, all the reverend gentlemen on board should cast lots, and he who drew the prize should preach. It was unseemly where so many passengers were American and many preachers of their own country were present, that they should not have at least an equal chance of conducting the ministerial office. Captain MURPHY assured me that he merely stipulated that the prayers read should be those of the Church of England. He did not say, but his choice implied that they were, in his opinion, the most efficacious. So it came to pass that I heard, for the first time on board ship, an American divine. Dr. LORIMER, of Chicago, is a perfect type of United States energy, and looks it. He has an impetuous voice, rushing on without pause or break, ever advancing with an iron alacrity. His discourse proceeded along like the engines of the "Scythia." Of course, any logical discourse should proceed from premise to sequence, but this hurried along. It was not spoken; it was impelled. In a musical box the dropping of a bar marks the succession of a new tune. The preacher had no bars between his service. Song and sermon and prayer were all on one reel, and constituted one piece of vocality, which is an error in art and in reverence. Nevertheless, there was a vigour of argument in the sermon, and abounding, apt, and relevant illustration. As for words, the commissariat of

the ship was not richer in edibles than the doctor's treasury of terms. They flowed like the Gulf Stream, in fervid, caloric torrents. His exhortations were to the self-sacrifice and self-control of the Christian life, of which he assumed the capacity and, what was more, made clear the possibility. He drew similitudes from sailors and the sea; a difficult thing to do with art in the presence of experts of the ocean; but the preacher did it. I tendered to Dr. LORIMER my thanks for his wholesome discourse, saying that, though I could not answer for his principles, I wholly agreed with his conclusions. On the following night the reverend gentleman made a speech in the saloon on behalf of the Seaman's Orphan Fund, in which there was humour, naturalness, and modulation, which means space between the tones; and a subscription from his hearers of upwards of £20 was collected.

The attractions in New York delayed our return until the hurricane month of December. For a fortnight before the sea had been in a cyclonic uproar.* The news of wrecks was served with our breakfast every morning. The "Catalonia," in which we had elected to sail, had been more than two days late in reaching New York, owing to storms and to her stopping on the way rescuing wrecks. That was a consoling consideration, since a ship which could ride the gale to save others might be depended upon to know her way about in turbulent seas. As neither pain nor pleasure lasts for ever, it was fair to presume that neither tornado nor calm would endure, and since they must take their turns, the turbulent sea, after a fortnight's commotion, might be pretty well tired of leaping up night and day, and about the beginning of December the billows might be found disposed to behave well. They did.

When we came to embark New York was being as rapidly buried in snow as Pompeii by the ashes of Vesuvius. The ship appeared one vast boulder of snow, and as she had lain a week in the dock without steam, she was as cold as a well.

* "A cyclonic fit," I said formerly, in a short paper on my return, "a fit with unmistakable convulsions, since the ocean shook and foamed at the mouth," but the printer put it "hooks and foamed." For a time no one could guess how the word "hooks" was created. At length I saw that the printer had put the "s" at the end of the "k," instead of before the "h," and so transformed "shook" into "hooks." I never saw so curious a misprint before. I have kept clear of "shook" this time. No doubt the "s" had dropped out in lifting the formes, and got dropped in again at the wrong end of the word.—G. J. H.

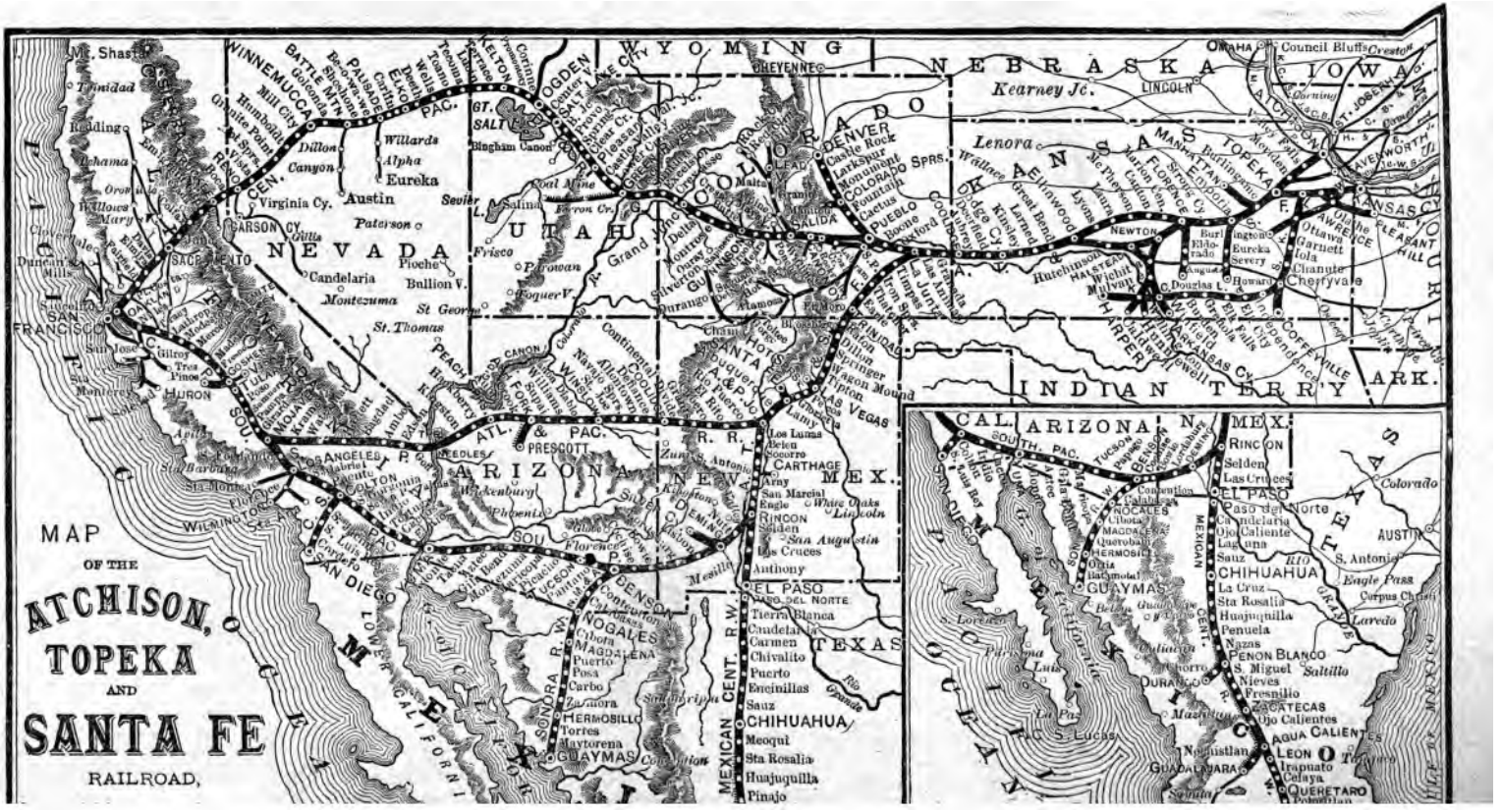
No sooner were we out of Sandy Hook, than the snow itself gave in, and we had four days of the best-conducted sea I have ever seen. The captain, however, who was a prophet of experience, had told us at New York that he thought the Atlantic would prove ill-tempered sooner or later, and that our prospect of bad weather was good. No sooner had we left behind us the sharks of the Newfoundland coast than the most excellent ocean turned rough. A vigorous north-west wind sent forth all its strength, blew the stout ship on her side, and mostly kept her there.

"Inconstant as the winds" is a proverb, but passengers find that the winds have virtues which have been overlooked. We found the wind could be constant when it pleased. The "Catalonia" being a freight ship, and what sailors call "broad in the beam," had good manners. When she rolled she went down until her edge seemed in the sea—but then she went down so deliberately that anyone might have made his will on the road—and when she came back it was in such a self-respecting way that you felt there was nothing mean about the "Catalonia." Day by day I watched the mighty contest between the assaulting wind and the resenting waters. The sea was indignant at being attacked. Often driven below by bruises, as I found my strength insufficient to hold well by the ropes, I retreated to the saloon, not wanting to be washed away and leave no address. Still, I saw enough of this conflict to understand the exclamation of HENRY IV. at the wild blasts:—

> Which rocked the brains
> In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
> And in the visitation of the winds,
> Who took the ruffian billows by the top,
> Curling their mostrous heads, and hanging them
> With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds.

These are vigorous proceedings, with which only good seamanship and stout ships can successfully compete.

It was clear to me that SHAKSPERE had never been on board the "Catalonia," nor any other ship affording equal facility for studying a storm, or he would never had described the billows as "ruffian." He would have said instead "ruffian winds." The mischief came from them. The billows were decorous enough until the "ruffian" winds assailed them. Poets can sometimes be as unobservant as those critics who regard a controversy as a quarrel; never caring to discern between assailant and defendant. It is not always a fight


MAP
OF THE
ATCHISON, TOPEKA
AND
SANTA FE
RAILROAD.
NEBRASKA
WYOMING
COLORADO
NEVADA
UTAH
ARIZONA
NEW MEX.
TEXAS
INDIAN TERRY
CAL. ARIZONA N. MEX.
PACIFIC OCEAN
GULF OF CALIFORNIA
LOWER CALIFORNIA
MEXICAN CENT. R.W.
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
DENVER
CHEYENNE
OMAHA
Council Bluffs
LINCOLN
TOPEKA
ATLANTIC & PAC. R.R.
SOUTH PAC.
GULF, COLO. & SANTA FE
EL PASO
CHIHUAHUA
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when one person knocks another down, if he who has found his way to the floor began with outrage and provoked the blow. The waves are not the aggressors in a tempest. Of course, neither poets nor critics are prone to act as magistrates, and ascertain facts, but facts are worth attention when they come in our way.

Mr. JOHN PENDER, M.P., was one of the passengers on the "Scythia" on the outward voyage. He said that a "Settler's Guide Book," of the kind I was going out to procure, would be of great service to him, if it existed, in the object he had in view in the interest of some of his constituents in visiting the United States. On our return in the "Catalonia," amid the passengers was Dr. PHENE, who had just completed years of travel in the study of the Mound Builders. Captain GILL, on my solicitation, agreed to his delivering a lecture to us illustrated by many remarkable drawings. Dr. PHENE succeeded in elucidating the ancient serpent worship by past races, more completely than, in my opinion, it has ever been done before. On the part of the passengers, I moved a vote of thanks to Dr. PHENE, and afterwards drew up a certificate of the proceedings on the part of the ship's company, which Dr. PHENE wished to preserve.

CHAPTER II.

A SECOND SIGHT OF NEW LANDS.—MANHATTAN SHORES.

It was said to me very naturally and reasonably that I must not expect to be received a second time in America as I was the first. Why should I? Why should a people be expected to occupy themselves all their days with showing courtesy to one person? That would give no chance for others. It would often happen that someone else might be entitled to regard in his turn. It, therefore, did not occur to me to expect notice on a second visit. I had had my turn, and an

abounding and ungrudging turn it was; yet a second came to me, greater than the first, in variety and vivacity, and, so far as I could judge, with equal cordiality. Not only in new places, but in the same places this occurred. This was, no doubt owing to interest in the business I had on hand, and in the subjects on which it was supposed I could give information.

Indeed, on leaving England a second time, I ought to name the banquet at Brooklands Hotel, near Manchester. Though the proceedings of that night are not likely to pass from my memory, I pass them over, because I cannot assume them to have interest to others. *Dr. JOHN WATTS, whose friendship has remained unchanged since we first met, when we were both eighteen years of age, made one of his admirable speeches on labour and co-operation. What I said in reply to the friendly speech of Dr. PANKHURST, in reference to myself, was this:—

It seems to me that sometimes it is of the nature of a merit to continue to live, since thereby you come to know and to hear many pleasant things utterly inconceivable in earlier life. Not long since I was assailed at once by darkness and by death, from which I was rescued and restored to light and to life by the kindness and generosity of many present now, and of others absent—whom I shall never forget. I cannot but be gratified that so many persons, eminent in their professions and mostly of views quite divergent from mine, should assemble, in some cases from a great distance, to show not only their tolerance but their friendliness to me. All along I have laboured under the disadvantage of not being able to agree with everybody as a man of prudent and well-regulated convictions should. This used to distress me very much, until I observed other persons took the liberty of not being of my opinion. Seeing, therefore, that they thought it right to maintain their view of things, it seemed equally reasonable that I should maintain mine. I wish to be thought neither opinionated nor obstinate, but I do not object to its being understood that I continue in my own way of thinking. The longer I live the more clearly I see that the individual is more than is usually imagined. Truth is not the work of committees, but of solitary thinkers. Discoveries are not made by societies on plat-

* Dr. Pankhurst presided, and letters were received from John Bright, M P ; Arthur Arnold, M.P.; Thomas Burt, M.P.; John Slagg, M.P.; Sir Thomas Bazley, Alderman Heywood, Professor Roscoe, H. Rawson, Sam Timmins, J.P.; Thomas Hughes, Q.C.; Rev. W. Mitchell, Rev. S. Farrington, and the Rev. F. E. Millson. Among those present were Dr. John Watts, Alexander Ireland, Morgan Brierley, Edward R. Russell, editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*; J. H. Nodal, editor of the *Manchester City News*; John Mackenzie of Glasgow, Baillie Campbell of Helensburgh, John Fraser of Liverpool, and many others, including leaders in the co-operative movement, whose names I would repeat if they could all be inserted in one brief note. W. E. A. Axon was secretary.

forms, but oftener by single, patient, secluded watchers of the ways of human nature. It does not escape me that I am under an engagement to read a paper to the Literary Club of this city, on the "Cultivation of Wild Ideas." My friend Morgan Brierley may excel me in the cultivation of birds, Mr. Axon in the cultivation of books, Mr. Russell and Mr. Nodal in the cultivation of politicians; but in rearing and cultivating wild ideas I have the greater experience. It may be objected to me that this is an unnecessary pursuit. There are, I may be told, a good many wild ideas about which are not very lovely. That is because they are not cultivated. There are persons who think you attack free speech if you propose to put down foul speech. If you object to assassination they accuse you of "limiting freedom of action." These persons are the victims of wild ideas. This only occurs to persons who are in that state when having two distinct things before them they know not which is which, and in attaining their ends they do not know that one means is not as good as another. There seems to me no good in having an order of advocates who shall be known as the ruffians of progress. In a representative country, I am for using force to maintain law and reason for changing it. He who would not maintain law by force if it was threatened by force, is a coward, who would abandon men to carnage and society to tyranny. For conciliation I would substitute justice—for denunciation exposition—for the doctrine of the usefulness of piety I would substitute the piety of usefulness. In public affairs if I have any merit it has been in acting upon these principles. I wish the ingenious country to which I am going, which has given us so many useful machines, had invented one by which a speaker under the greatest obligation to his hearers might be able to express his thanks adequately to them. Were such a machine perfected I should have brought it down to this dinner, as without some such aid it is not in my power to make the acknowledgments in my mind to my own satisfaction. A famous friend of mine, who trusted me in matters when confidence was of the first importance to him—Walter Savage Landor—said at the close of his career:—

I strove with none—for none were worth my strife.
Nature I loved, and next to Nature—Art.
I've warmed both hands against the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

When that time comes I shall count this night among the real things which make the contentment of this life.

The journey outward was made pleasant to myself and those with me by the courtesies of the Cunard Company. On arriving at New York more interviewers came on board than I had previously met at one time. Mr. PENDER, M.P., who had received a collection of telegrams concerning the events of Europe since we had left it, showed me news of our navy before Alexandria, concerning which we were all interested. But the interviewers only permitted me to give scant attention to them, and entirely prevented me expressing the acknowledgments I felt to a deputation consisting of General CROOKS, Dr. WINTERBURN, Dr. BROUGHTON, and others, who had done me the honour to come on board to welcome us (my daughter,

Miss EMILE ASHURST HOLYOAKE, and Mrs. ETHEL LEACH, member of the Great Yarmouth School Board, who accompanied her to America) on behalf of my valued friend, Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON. The *Sun*, of New York, also sent me word that a reception would be tendered me at Pittsburg by the Knights of Labour. But for the aid of my friend, Mr. GEORGE S. M'WATTERS, it would have been a long time before I should have been able to land. The *New York Tribune* had, with its constant generosity to me, given information of the objects which had again brought me to the American shores.

At length—when greetings on the "Scythia" were over—we set foot on New York soil, and after visiting Mr. M'WATTERS's family, and giving my companions a view of the bright Broadway and its railways through the air, we set out a few miles over the ever pleasant sea to Coney Island, where, at Manhattan Hotel, we found ourselves in a wilderness of gaiety, and a welcome brighter than all from Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, whose guests we were to be during many happy days. Interviewers did me the honour to come down by the trains; and on the pleasantest terraces in the world, with the cool sea breezes about us, I conversed, and they wrote columns, which the opulent and hospitable press diffused over the land. "Far from the madding crowd," as the comprehensive interviewer of the *Brooklyn Sunday Eagle* termed it, we held interlocutory dialogues. With leaders and narratives, that journal devoted to me as much space as would have made an entire number of the *Times* in its earlier years. On the Sunday morning I went down to the news-station of the hotel, and bought what copies were to be had of the aforesaid *Brooklyn Eagle*. Finding myself charged double price for the paper, I asked why that was. "Because it is Sunday," was the answer. "Is that the penalty of the country for reading newspapers on the Sabbath?" I inquired. The reply was, "Wal, I guess it is." As it is my habit to comply with the customs of every country I visit, I answered, "There is your money; but I observe that your scruples as to seventh-day reverence do not prevent you making double profit. However, I will not trouble you to get me further copies now, but to-morrow let me have six more." On Monday I went down again to collect them, and again the stallkeeper charged me double price. "How is this," I asked; "Monday is not Sunday." "No, sir," he said, "but you *ordered* them on Sunday." This was so sharp and clever, and showed such a fine capacity for making reverence profit-

able, the adroitness was so worthy of the country, that I paid the charges cheerfully, as a well-earned tribute to one who understood things.

The object I had in view—of procuring a Settler's Guide Book for America—being approved by Mrs. THOMPSON, she invited senator HENRY W. BLAIR, of New Hampshire, to meet me at Manhattan. Mr. BLAIR was a gentleman of good presence, of sincere manners, and of ready intelligence; clear-headed, wholesome-minded, and shrewd without affectation. An advocate of temperance, without intemperateness either in mind, in sentiment, or in speech, so far as I observed. He understood at one statement what I sought, and defined it himself with so much accuracy and vividness that when I made my report to our Government, on my return home, I found no terms more forcible or fitting than those he employed. He saw at once that the information wanted by the intending settler lay everywhere about the country, in departmental reports, in official publications, in Congress speeches, in railway documents, in land agents' statements, in newspaper leaders, in books of travel, in encyclopædias, and even in advertisements; only requiring to be collected by responsible persons and published by Government authority. Such a book would have to be approved by the committee of education, and Senator BLAIR is chairman of that committee. Therefore, his knowledge of the kind of work required in Europe, and his approval of it was a matter of advantage and importance. He had travelled from the White Mountains to come down to Manhattan to discuss the subject.

The general conversation of visitors at the hotels indicated an increase of temperance sentiment in the short period since my former visit. It was seldom that you observed any guest having any indications of beer in his countenance. From observations incidentally made in my hearing I learned that a bibulous expression of face had come to be considered "low." There were odd features about the Manhattan Hotel that may be observable elsewhere, but I first noticed them at that place. In the great dining halls, so many and so vast, a considerable army of waiters are engaged, and certain groups are under the direction of a superintendent to whom all difficulties experienced by a visitor, or inquiries he has to make, are referred. All the waiters are clean shaved, having a moustache only, but whenever I had occasion to ask for a superintendent, there always appeared a gentleman without any moustache, but wearing a pair of what we call in England, "mutton-

chop" whiskers. So, whenever I wanted a special table for a chop I looked out for a gentleman with chops on his cheeks, and he proved invariably to be the person able to make the arrangement I needed. This device of so shaving the face as to leave a portion of hair to serve as a natural badge, saves the expense of ribbon rosettes, or medals of office, and also saves the pride of the chief waiters, who might object to wearing them. This combination of consideration and economy is highly creditable to American ingenuity. Another mode of expediting business is to induce all the waiters to have their hair cut so short that the head seems to be merely painted. This gives them a picturesque appearance, and, besides, prevents them wasting time in combing their hair, there being nothing to comb. Hotel keepers in the New World are masters of saving devices. Afterwards I observed that "politicians" and "bosses" also wore their hair cut short in this way. As their wits are so constantly in exercise, the removal of the hair may be necessary, as admitting better and cooler action of the brains. The idea of cutting off the hair arose, I believe, in the days before the Atchinson, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway ran its great civilising and peace-making line through the "Kansas Desert" into New Mexico. In the old times of wagon travelling, the Indians always had a good pull at the long-haired travellers. Upon this hint, oft and unpleasantly repeated, sharp New York "prospectors" took to going down without hair. Great was the disgust of the Indian at finding himself outwitted. He could scalp no longer. There was nothing to lay hold of. And the Indian gave up scalping. His nature did not change, but he could no longer carry on business for want of material. Many fashions have originated in this world that have not had so sensible and prudent an origin. In truth the practice of cutting the hair short has extended itself among men of wit and mark in the State. But they have adopted it from a sentiment of gallantry to women. The hair being counted from time immemorial the glory of the human head, they have generously resigned this distinction to women, who alone in America gladden your eyes with golden or raven locks.

CHAPTER III.

LONG BEACH SHORE.—STORY OF MR. BRIGHT'S PORTRAIT.

At length the bright days came to an end during which we were the guests of Mrs. THOMPSON, at Manhattan, and we accepted the invitation of Colonel ROBERT G. INGERSOLL—sent to me when in Europe—to spend ten days with him at Long Beach, where the white sands stretch out miles before you, appearing in the sunshine or moonlight like a desert of snow, bounded by the dark waves in the distance. The long line of handsome tents, which, far apart, disport along the shore, appear at first to the stranger like Arctic dwellings, and you expect to find Esquimaux under them. We have no hotels in England at all to compare with those of Manhattan or Long Beach in extent, spaciousness, and freshness of their clean wood compartments. They are not houses, they are halls—not one hall, but a series of halls. They are not mansions, they are settlements, capable of accommodating a larger population than is to be found in many well-known English villages, with a tradition of a thousand years behind them. The contrast between America and Holland impresses itself upon the traveller. The houses of the Dutch are generally hardly bigger than a pouncet-box, and you expect to see them inhabited by Aztecs, while the churches of Rotterdam and Haarlem, for instance, are loftier than St. Paul's, and appear as large as the Nottingham or Great Yarmouth market places. The minister has a sounding board over his head, and his floating congregation seem so far from him that he must feel as though he were addressing the people in the next parish. Whereas, in the regions devoted to gaiety in America, the churches are but of ordinary dimensions, while their hotels appear as though they would accommodate all the worshippers of Holland. They have churches at the watering places, but they seem, in comparison to the hotel, hardly larger than a sentry-box.

Nearer the sea than the hotel Colonel INGERSOLL has a house. His family and household, including his butler, coachman, and other coloured servants from Washington, were there, which made his home complete, pleasant, and convenient to visitors. Though he had still on hand the duties of chief

counsel in the famous State trial of DORSEY and others, then about to be decided, his radiancy of manner was quite undimmed. We found that the American press had not exaggerated the tenderness and grace of domesticity of Mrs. INGERSOLL and her daughters. Not less striking were the knowledge and interest with which they discussed questions speculative, moral, and political. Mr. C. P. FARRELL, publisher, of New York Avenue, Washington (to whom a wise bold book is a gem which he examines like a connoisseur and values like a collector), Mrs. FARRELL, near relatives of our host, and their parents were there, as also Mrs. and Miss MAMIE INGERSOLL (the daughter of the late EBON INGERSOLL, at whose grave the colonel pronounced a memorable oration), adding not less to the vivacity of the days we spent at Long Beach. Music of famous quality was one of the luxuries of that agreeable seaside. The programme which daily announced the music to be performed upon the immense terraces which formed part of the far-extending hotel there, was adorned by a beautiful wingless angel of proportions which meant at least a stature of twelve feet, blowing a trumpet in the air. Among the music-loving guests were the Baron and Baroness von HESSE. The baron had had important experience in founding communities and settlements. He told me that all colony planters, do what they will, and sacrifice their means as much as they may, come to be regarded sooner or later as speculators or impostors, and to be called fools or thieves. Every man who expects to make a fortune without discomfort, or acquire competence without capacity, thrift, or industry, ascribes his ill-success to him who brought him there. If a man becomes ill from any cause, whether incidental to the season, to ignorant exposure, or unwise living, he considers the founder of the colony answerable for his malady. Colony planters may display great qualities, make wise selections of places, and do great good, as the second generation are found to own, but to the great pioneer, who founded it, profit rarely comes, and gratitude from those immediately served yet more rarely.

Mr. DORSEY, whom Colonel INGERSOLL personally knew, and in whose integrity he had entire belief, was, with other persons connected with the Star Route affair, commonly regarded as guilty of the charges made against them. However, public impressions in America are not always infallible. The spoils of office, which are liable to change hands at every presidential election, breeds so many professional competitors for them, that every public man supposed to profit by any great enter-

prise which he has matured, is considered to come into possession of his gain by predatory skill. Colonel INGERSOLL, who makes it a rule—as unusual in a lawyer as it is creditable—never to appear in a case which he does not believe to be just, became the defender of Mr. DORSEY, and had to contend against the whole influence of the Government. Great as was his reputation for personal integrity, he was subjected to quite a campaign of calumny. He put it to me thus: "Should I not be base if I refused to defend a man whom I believed to be innocent because the public thought him guilty? In defending Mr. DORSEY in the present state of public opinion, I am myself suspected of some criminal complicity with his alleged guilt, or of appearing in the case only from considerations of professional advantage. But I should be really criminal in my own mind, and in the eyes of every honest and discerning man who knows the facts, if I allowed an innocent man to suffer, when it was in my power to save him." I agreed with the intrepid advocate, who ultimately had the satisfaction of obtaining a verdict in favour of his client.

The forensic and platform brilliance by which our host is distinguished is hereditary in the INGERSOLL family. One of his ancestors held a post under the crown in the days of GEORGE III. which preceded independence; and one of his duties, if I remember rightly, was that of receiver of stamps. On proceeding to the city where he dwelt, an excited crowd intercepted him to get from him those believed to be in his possession, and prevent their issue. The mob was not quite sure what they wanted to be at, or what it was safe to do, but still they felt like "killing him;" and had he not been a man of courage and wit, they would have ended by doing it. As a pretext for further action they began by requiring him to give a cheer for "Adams and Liberty," believing he would never comply. He was riding on a white horse, when he promptly stood up in the stirrups, and in a hearty way, with a loud sonorous voice, did what was required. He then cried out "Fellow-citizens, I now understand a passage in Revelations which was never clear to me before—'Behold a man rode on a white horse, and Hell and Death followed after him.'" His drollery saved him from the Puritan infuriates, who were familiar with the Scripture, and astounded at the ready application of the passage to themselves, and he was allowed to pass without further molestation.

In the restaurants of Coney Island we found a popular dish to be "Jumbo Clam Bake," named after the famous elephant

then recently imported from England. We sent him a bun on our arrival, for the great creature lived near us when he was in Regent's Park, in London. It was a satisfaction to find our huge friend whom we had known, growing in stature and in favour, and regarded as a king of beasts in the land of wonder to which he had come.

Mr. BRIGHT has an honest repugnance to disproportionate estimate of himself or his services. A man of sense is aware that men will in the end estimate him at his value, which the majority, in the long run, discern pretty accurately, and anything said of him which exceeds the truth is not praise but dis-service, since it disposes persons, conscious of the exaggeration, to distrust any true measure of merit in one overlauded. Real praise, therefore, is a far more difficult art than that of censure. Admiration may come from anyone who is charmed, but praise can only be given by equals. The quality a man possesses is more easily discovered by his praise than his censure; by the nature of his praise he betrays the taste and attainment of his own mind. Blame may be given without any ideal of excellence in the mind; but praise implies its possession.

When OULESS was painting Mr. BRIGHT, he, observing very few things in the studio beyond an easel, a maul stick, and some pigment of paint, said, "You do business, Mr. OULESS, on a very small capital." Mr. BRIGHT being an artist in oratory, none know better than he that a painter's capital was his skill. The orator does business on the platform with less sign of capital than the painter, for there is nothing to be seen but himself. My townsmen in Birmingham, wanting a photograph of Mr. BRIGHT at full length, for a sculptor to refer to in working on a marble statue, induced Mr. BRIGHT to sit to MAYALL, who produced, with his accustomed aptness, a work of art. Though of almost life size, it has no exaggeration. Seeing my interest in it, Mr. MAYALL gave me a copy of it—which framed in a strong case with movable lid, in which the portrait could be seen at will, yet calculated to bear, without risk, a sea voyage—I took it to America. Mr. MILLAIS has painted Mr. GLADSTONE in a manner worthy of descending to posterity, who will see the great Premier as this age has known him; but his portrait of Mr. BRIGHT is a very different thing. Excepting that it would sell for more, I would for all purposes of pleasure and reality have MAYALL's portrait. It is the great orator just as we have seen him in his day of power on the platform, or as the House of Commons

has seen him when the cry goes through the corridors "BRIGHT's up." The attitude is his, unaffected and resolute. His lips are compressed, as they are when the inspiration of passion is on him. His look is daring and defiant, with the sense of conscious power. Age has changed his physical aspect, and he will no more appear the same, though his fire is not yet abated. It could only be to oblige his constituents that he recalled that platform expression before the camera. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS said to me in 1879, "Ask Mr. BRIGHT if he will ever come to see his friends in America," and there is no one whom Mr. BRIGHT would feel more honour in meeting than PHILLIPS.

I put the question to Mr. BRIGHT one day in the House of Commons. "Tell Mr. PHILLIPS," he said, "that the people of America will never see me." "Then," I said, "they shall see you in the portrait I will take them." On my arrival I presented it to my friend Mr. CHARLTON, of Chicago, who has real honour for Mr. BRIGHT, and who has more means than any other man of enabling all who desire it to see it. Mr. G. W. SMALLEY, of the *New York Tribune*, had given a description of the portrait in one of his letters, and great interest arose thereby. The editors of *Harper's Magazine* were desirous of engraving the portrait. I answered that as I had given it to Mr. CHARLTON it was his property, and the decision rested with him. The editor of the *Century* also expressed a wish to engrave it; and on learning that they had already written to Mr. G. W. SMALLEY, of London, to furnish a paper on Mr. BRIGHT, to accompany the engraving, I declined a proposal that I should write one myself, and asked Mr. CHARLTON to permit the *Century* to engrave the portrait. Mr. SMALLEY had published a small volume, in which the character of Mr. BRIGHT, as an orator and politician, was delineated with more judgment, force, and truth than by any other writer whom I have read. With personal knowledge of the great orators of Europe, as well as America, he has an eye of more precision for English characteristics than an English writer could have. The engraving, I believe, has been made to the satisfaction of the *Century*, which has given us many fine portraits, and it may appear now any month.

CHAPTER IV.

SINGULAR AMERICAN LAW AGAINST GIFTS.

Some unexpected events occurred before matters reached the stage recorded in the last chapter. On arriving at the Customs House, at New York, the officers very courteously accepted my assurance that I had no dutiable article with me, save the portrait of Mr. BRIGHT. A slight examination of our travelling trunks was deemed sufficient. They did not dispute my word that the great case I had with me was what I declared it to be, a portrait of Mr. BRIGHT; but they wished to see it themselves as a matter of interest. To do this it was necessary to send for a carpenter to unscrew it. They were delighted with it, and were the first persons who saw it in America. Indeed, every officer with scruples about tariffs soon gathered round it. It was necessary for me to state its value. I said it had two values, and I would declare both, as I could not tell which they meant. The mere production of a photograph so large as that would be, probably, £10 when the camera was at hand and others could be produced, but, as it was the only copy that could be exported, I should not sell it, if that was my object, for less than £50. But my intention was to present it to a citizen of the States, and for the gratification of the American public, to whom it would be shown. So the import duty was fixed nominally at six dollars, the chief officer saying the customs laws obliged them to make some charge, but that if I represented to the authorities of Chicago that I intended to make a gift of the portrait, they would, no doubt, repay me the duty. I said I should not give them that trouble, as I willingly paid the six dollars. The officers of the customs would, I have no doubt, have admitted it free had it been within their discretion.

Afterwards I had a more curious experience with the authorities of customs. The Mayor of Brighton (Alderman W. H. HALLETT), who had promoted during his third mayoralty the first Congress of Health held in England, had caused to be published a handsome volume containing all

the papers, and three fine portraits of EDWIN CHADWICK, C.B., the chief originator of sanitary science, Dr. W. B. RICHARDSON, who was president of the Congress, and the Mayor, which was added by the desire of others. The volume contained papers on matters important in the household and not less so in cities; and in the cities of America such information is often needed. The design was to give a volume to a hundred or more cities, and also documents of scientific interest relating to Brighton, likely to be useful in the coast cities of the United States. In paying the freight I was informed that there was also a demand of a hundred dollars for custom duties. Protection is a good thing I am aware, and many people need to be protected from evils known and unknown; but I was surprised to find that an intelligent country like America, thought it necessary to be protected from information acquired at much cost by others, and unobtainable in that form by themselves. When it was represented that the volumes were to be given away, the customs authorities caused me to be informed that if I would write to the various Institutes in view, and obtain letters from the secretaries testifying they were willing to receive such books, and desiring copies to be forwarded, the duty would be remitted. If I remember rightly, the Customs went further, and informed me that if I would then send them the names and addresses they would themselves direct and forward the books, which I suppose meant that they would frank them free of cost to me—which was quite a courteous offer to make. In answer, I explained that the reason of the books being consigned to me was that the difficulty was great in England to find out what institution might profit by them, or care for them in America, and it was thought that during my travels in the States I should find institutions willing to have them, and could distribute them. This I was willing to do; but to ascertain that in New York it would be necessary to take chambers and employ two or three clerks to look up all the cities having sanitary associations, or institutes having interest in sanitary matters, and correspond with them and keep open the office till the necessary letters were collected, which might have detained me in New York a month and cost £100. Therefore, I said that, on the whole, they had better serve the Brighton books, as they did the tea in Boston Harbour at an earlier date—empty the bale into the sea—when books, like bread, cast upon the waters, might be found after many days and do somebody good. It was then suggested by the authorities that the matter should stand over, and that, as I

was going to Washington, I might see the Commissioner of Customs, and find out whether it was in their power to distribute the books free of duty.

When at Washington, General MUSSEY kindly undertook to accompany me to the Commissioner of Customs, who very readily paid attention to the matter, but came to the conclusion he had no power to authorise the remission of the duty upon the gift books I had imported, and reminded me that I must be aware that he was bound by the terms of the statute he had to administer. If it were otherwise, he should have been very glad to authorise the distribution of the books. I answered that I wished nothing that the statutes of the realm (or the republic, if that was the right term) did not warrant, but I should like to see the statute. This he readily produced, and gave me at my request a copy of that portion which concerned the question in hand, which was as follows:—

U. S. Customs Tariff: Chapter III., section 5. Books, maps, and charts specially imported, not more than two copies in any one invoice, in good faith for the use of any society incorporated or established for philosophical, literary, or religious purposes, or for the encouragement of the fine arts, or for the use, or by the order, of any college, academy, school, or seminary of learning in the United States.

Upon hearing this clause read, I remarked to the Commissioner that nothing save a minor present could be made to America, and that only by an intrepid and wealthy donor prepared to take infinite trouble to make his gift. The man who drew that clause must have been under the impression that the United States was so ill-regarded a country, that no one would ever think of giving anything to it; or that it was so opulent and self-satisfied, as to be above receiving any present, however useful or well intended. Mr. EVARTS has written one of those graceful letters, in which he excels, inviting Mr. BRIGHT to visit America. Yet you have no provision in your statutes whereby you can admit his portrait, unless the importer pays a penalty at the Custom House for his temerity in making the offer of it. I have experience that by a law of courtesy and respect, higher than that of the tariff, you will admit his portrait to be landed upon your shores; while under this law now read to me, it would require a procedure as complicated as that necessary to run a railway, to get it transmitted duty free to its destined owner.

At this point the commissioner was good enough to suggest that I should make a declaration in writing as to the nature of the Health Congress Volume, describing its actual contents, that no sale was sought, and no profit of any kind con-

templated on my part, or on that of the donor of the work. It was then arranged that the question should be specially considered. The Commissioner was sensible of the kindness of the Mayor of Brighton in making such a gift to the American cities. The required declaration being duly made and subscribed, General MUSSEY, whose suggestiveness had oft been equal to greater emergencies, asked the Commissioner whether it was not within his knowledge that the Smithsonian Institution had a charter by which it was empowered to receive consignments of books for literary and scientific purposes. It was at once apparent that the general had "struck oil," and it was arranged that we should visit President SPENCER F. BAIRD, of that famous institution, and consult him. We crossed on our way Hooker's quarter, if I remember rightly the name which the district acquired when occupied by his army of defence. The proceedings in that quarter were described to me as being such that they caused Satan himself to perspire, who had mainly to attend to them in the hot days of their encampment there. We beguiled ourselves in Hooker's Land with discussing affairs of administration, and through the forest in which the great institution is situated, until we found it impossible to keep our ideas straight. Our principles were dried and curled up before we arrived at the mighty building. Its increase since I last saw it, its spacious and splendid appointments were a wonder to me. The British Museum, and South Kensington rolled into one would not more astonish a visitor. The reading-room at South Kensington contains nothing, generally, one wants to read; that at the Washington Institute contains piles of newspapers issued the same morning, so that when detained there on business you found it quite a human place to be in. Professor BAIRD had not arrived, but was on his way there, and on that day he was on his way several hours, but by aid of the telephone, we could always ascertain at what point, and by what business he was diverted from arriving. When an interview became possible, he explained that the Institute did possess a charter under which any consignment could be made to it free of duty. I understood him to say that they received a bale of goods a day from Europe—that the vessels bring them free, the railways transmit them free, and the Government admit them duty free; so somebody does give America something and they get it. Upon asking Prof. BAIRD how a person found out the way of addressing him, he answered that they had an agent, Mr. WESTLEY, of 28, Essex-street, Temple Bar,

London. I then said that I had lived nine years opposite his door, and that since I had left home I had travelled 6,000 miles to his (Prof. BAIRD's) chambers to discover that what I wanted was on the opposite side of my own street, and that a very narrow street too. I afterwards mentioned to Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN that if they would publish a Guide Book with only that WESTLEY fact in it, it would save us a great trouble in Europe. Before leaving England I had made inquiries of persons officially connected with America, and it never occurred to them to refer me to Mr. WESTLEY, of Essex-street. I had seen a notice on his door that he was agent to the Smithsonian Institute, which I took to mean that he collected their debts. The existence of the charter, the knowledge of which was so important to me, I believe is yet unknown to Mr. WESTLEY, for when I spoke to him of it he displayed no knowledge of it. I believe it is entirely an American secret, and one remarkably well kept. One function of the Smithsonian Institute, to which I know nothing similar in England, is that the president undertakes to receive gifts intended as aids to civic intelligence, and to find out where they would be useful and forward them. This the professor kindly undertook to do for me, and so I made the consignment of the reports of the Brighton Congress of Health to him.

Before these inquiries were completed in Washington, we had begun to turn our footsteps Canadawards, where, having the advantage of consulting Mr. CHARLTON, I was enabled to go in a bee line to the person or place I sought.

There are several San Antonios in America. The most famous is one in Texas, which is a town. When the late Mr. WHITE, M.P. for Brighton, was travelling in the West, he heard, one evening in the hotel, a glowing account of a beautiful San Antonio river. The way to it was difficult to traverse, but it seemed worth the risk to behold a sight described as so enchanting. Mrs. WHITE relates that they went the next day. They were appalled at the hills they had to surmount, and the ravines and channels they had to cross. Masses of lava and boulders lay in their way. The strong-limbed and sagacious horses spread themselves out, right and left, climbing gallantly over the rocks and the mounds, giving the occupants of the carriage the opportunity of falling out on whichever side they pleased. They went on for hours and for miles, the higher they climbed and the further they went, the less they saw

of San Antonio. At length they gave up the pursuit, glad if they should reach their hotel again without broken bones. At dinner they met again the persons who had allured them by their description of the journey. "We never got to the river" said Mr. White. "Neither did we," answered his informant, "we told you of our adventure, and of the prospect held out to us, and we were glad that you should go on the same expedition, with the hope that you might discover it." Both explorers came to the conclusion that there was no river, and that its existence was a pure myth of the carriage driver of that quarter. The non-existence of San Antonio was never likely to be disproved, since it was pretty certain that every traveller would give up the search, intimidated by the perils of the way. As some authors are said to deserve the gratitude of mankind, more for the passages they have blotted than for those they have retained, so in some parts of the continent of America more demands are made upon the admiration of the traveller, for the beauties which he has never discovered than for those which he has seen. It is prudent, therefore, in the enterprising visitor, to make sure beforehand of the existence of scenes which he is invited to inspect.

CHAPTER V.

SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE—MAD NIAGARA.

No one who has but moderate experience of the ways of some of its people can doubt that America is a land of adventurers. The natives of the nation include as many persons of good faith and direct manners as any community in the world. The additions from Europe, so plentifully made to the population, comprise many of doubtful designs. We all know in daily life that one who has dubious ways hardly ever believes that another individual will act differently from himself. He who is not single-minded himself will always suspect others of being sinister. No sooner does

any person make a proposal for the common good than it is said there that "He has some axe to grind," meaning he has some personal interest in view. Sometimes, when a strange gentleman was announced, I would inquire, "Do you know who he is or what he wants?" The answer would commonly be, "He is somebody with an axe to grind." Sometimes this was true, for a visitor would ask me an interview at a most inconvenient hour on the ground that he had important information to give me. After a time it would transpire that the visitor only had in view to tell me of his own affairs and seek my aid. This mode of introducing the subject always incensed me; whereas, when an American gentleman wished for any reason to interest me in things concerning himself, he told me at once his object and that if any time my leisure permitted, he would like my opinion, and never pretended that his object was to promote my interest, when it was to promote his own. It always gave me pleasure to make time for such interviews. The affairs of strangers did interest me. The editor of a leading Irish journal in New York had very pleasantly commended the project of the Guide Book, which he knew I sought, and wrote very usefully about it. Shortly after he learned from the American papers that Mr. GLADSTONE had approved of the object, when the same editor immediately wrote against it, although the book was likely to be of most use to his own countrymen. At the suggestion of Mrs. THOMPSON I called upon him, and found him a very intelligent, energetic gentleman. After explaining to him that the proposed book was exactly what he first took it to be, he said, "Mr. HOLYOAKE if there is one place hotter than another in the lowest conceivable hell I would put the British Government into it." I said "That that was very interesting; but I certainly hoped that the Government, who had imperilled more interests and made greater sacrifices than any Government that ever existed to serve his country, might be more fortunate than to fall into his hands." The editor was well-informed and lively in expression, and on other subjects we had pleasant conversation. At the same time I could see that if I had suggested to him that the Home Rulers were better in hell, he would have thought me an uncivil visitor. He suspected my object was political, and politics had ceased to be civility with him.

Discussing this subject at Long Beach with Mrs. INGERSOLL, she said, "You will find in this country a number of people who think there is something behind everything quite different to what is put in front, and it will save you both trouble and

misapprehension to meet that surmise by the facts which confute it." Accordingly, I wrote to the editor of the *New York Tribune* the following letter, which, appearing in those columns, was very widely read, and, fortunately, proved effective for its purpose :—

Sir,—To mistake coincidences for causes is the intellectual malady of the multitude. If advantage should arise from any act, it is assumed that the advantage must be the motive of the act. As my visit to this country has been brought under this rule, I shall value the permission to say a few words in your columns thereupon.

Since you did me the honour to state in the *Tribune* that I have come to this country to submit to the Government the advantages which would result to all the States of the Union from the publication, on "official authority," of an Emigrant Guide Book, I am told that many persons ask, "What is my object?" I answer that, as an Englishman, my object is that such of my countrymen as may turn their footsteps to this fertile land of enterprise may do so intelligently, knowing how to avoid the crowded towns, where they are not wanted, and betake themselves to the districts, South and otherwise, where they would be welcomed. Then I am informed that the meaning of the question is, "What pecuniary purpose have I in this matter?" If the anxiety of these inquirers is, that every man should have some personal profit out of every project for the public good, I am obliged by this generous solicitude for my advantage. The reply I have to make is, that I have not thought of this. Had I any personal interest to promote in what I am doing, it would be disingenuous to conceal it. Indeed, there would be a certain baseness in reticence upon it, since what I might say would have a savour of false pretence in it. Permit me, therefore, to aver, once for all, that I am the agent of no company. I am not in the pay of any person. I am not connected directly or indirectly with any business interest in England, America, or Canada. I represent the interest of the emigrant alone. The book I seek would not benefit England as a nation ; it would only benefit those who emigrate, by giving them guiding information. It will benefit the United States and Canada, by causing well-informed emigrants to enter the land. It will not benefit me. I do not own a single acre of land in the whole world. I am unattached to any enterprise. I have no share, nor part, nor lot, nor profit, in any speculation. I entered upon this work in 1879 at the request of the Co-operative Guild of London, who wished me to ascertain, during my visit to this country in that year, what facilities existed in America for co-operative emigration. Altogether I spent $500 in doing it. On my return to England I wrote 400 letters in answer to inquiries sent to me, besides a public report upon the results delivered in Exeter Hall, London. The Guild never gave me a cent, nor paid for a single postage stamp. They defrayed the hire of the hall in which I spoke. They had no funds for further aid.

Learning that I was bent upon returning to this country in the hope of completing the work I had thus begun, two members of the English Parliament, Sir Charles Forster and Professor James E. Thorold Rogers, made representation to the Premier that a portion of this expense might rightly be accorded from the Public Service Fund. The grant thus made by Mr. Gladstone was made public in England, that all whom it concerned might know it. Hearing of this, an American lady, believing the "Guide" in question would be useful to this

country, sent me $500 in aid of it. This gift I myself published, as it is, in my opinion, contrary to good faith that anything of the kind should be unknown in public affairs; and I should have hesitated to accept it had I not been aware that Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson was regarded here, like Miss Florence Nightingale in my own country, as unconnected with any party in the State, and that no political or interested significance could attach to her gift, prejudicing the object for which it was made.

Personally unknown in America save to journalists, some statesmen and some authors, it may be necessary for the satisfaction of the general reader to add an antecedent instance. Many years ago the Right Hon. John Bright did me the service of drawing Lord Clarendon's attention to my proposal that the Foreign Office should issue a book for the immigrant classes similar to the one now suggested for this country. That project involved me in considerable labour. Lord Clarendon sent consuls to me who wished detailed information upon the project and plan. When the books appeared I made reports upon them in the *London Times*. For all this work I never asked anything. I never received anything. I never made it a reproach that I was offered nothing. I thought it sufficient honour that the State should adopt then, as it has done on another occasion, a suggestion of mine which was deemed of practical value to the nation. No man can do all he wishes, or everything he should, but he can, so far as he is concerned, keep a public question free from venality and prevent it being put back by sinister associations. This is not a merit; it is a duty. I do not claim to be different from or better than any other person: but I do claim that in this matter of the Emigrant Guide Book I shall not be regarded as acting from interested motives.

The only other point upon which it appears that explanation would be useful relates to the British Government, whom some suppose have also an "object" in this matter. They have none. The proposal of this Guide Book is mine, its prosecution is mine, its responsibility is mine. They did not originate the project. They have given me no appointment. I carry with me no instructions from them. They do me the honour to accredit me as a person who may be believed on his word, and as approving of "inquiries in connection with the emigration of operatives." Nothing more. Learning that the undertaking may exceed my available means, they have made me a small grant in aid thereof, just as the American Government might, if it came to their knowledge that Mr. Edison's experiments in creating a new light were beyond his pecuniary power to complete, accord him aid to that end. In doing this they would not be answerable for his project if it failed; while if their assistance promoted its success they would confer an advantage upon all nations who profited by his invention. I do not compare myself to Mr. Edison. Yet that comparison, if permissible, illustrates the case of the British Government.

Some men have water minds, refracting whatever is before them. The straightest fact which enters their liquid understanding seems bent. But believing that the majority can see things as they are, if put in a clear medium, I make this attempt so to present them.

After a day at Coney Island, discussing the Land Question with a friend of many years, Mr. Thomas Ainge Devyr, of the *Irish World*, who originated the theories that Mr. Davitt has since dwelt upon, we parted from Madame Errani, surely

the brightest cicerone in New York, we went up the Hudson to Albany—lying all morning in the bright sun watching the wondrous Catskill Mountains, where RIP VAN WINKLE used to wander. Surely, there is no river so bright and no mountains of more mysterious loveliness than those of the Catskills! Mr. CHARLTON, of Chicago, Mr. WITTON, inspector of canals in Canada, Mr. DRYSDALE and Mr. LITTLEHALES, of Hamilton, who was afterwards my host during many interesting days there, came down to meet us at Niagara, which I little thought to see again. We drove over the awful Suspension Bridge, which spans the Falls, and explored Iris Island. Because in 1799 some goats kept there perished during a fierce winter, as no one could get to them, it has since been called Goat Island, but it is still "Iris Island"—for all the wonders of light are there. We saw more than the bow in the clouds, we saw several bows on the water—not set above, they lay low before us, and waited while we contemplated their infinite beauty.

Americans, who remove town halls, hotels, and churches, have not yet moved Niagara. But it is moving itself. The Horse Shoe Fall is another thing now. The arch is broken; the colour is diminished; the thunder is less. Again I was impressed, as before, with the mighty Niagara River above, which feeds the Falls; "rapids" they are called, but rapids is not enough of a name; the waters come down with a ferocious alacrity. Captain WEBB must have had all the courage of his race, to imagine that he could swim in that insane and iron torrent, and live in the whirlpool below, which is a perfect maelstrom of rage and force.

If there was one thing I thought fixed in this world it was Niagara, but that had changed. The perfect Horse Shoe Iridescent Arch, so long the wonder of all spectators, is no longer what it was in 1879. On parting from it in that year, I never doubted that, should I ever return, that would be the same as when I left it. The change made me think that parting would have less sadness in it were we a little wiser. Everything we leave, whether scenes of nature or friends, are never the same when we meet them again. Friends may be better, some new quality may have arisen, and re-acquaintance may be a new pleasure. But what we knew, whether a mountain, a cataract, a field, a flower, or a friend, is changed when we see it again. The very sun and stars have new aspects, where we have opportunity of minutely observing them. All nature, all humanity, are changing every instant and every

hour; we constantly part from them to see them no more as they are. We are always parting for ever from everything we know. Daily life is incessant adventure upon unknown experience and untried existence. Living itself is not a mere dream, as some think, but a romance of realities. Niagara, with its rolling volume, its mighty rage, its thunder, its rainbows, and its changes, teaches many lessons.

Before I left it, I went round to the great hotel which confronts it, to visit Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, who lingered there many days, soothed by its mighty roar. Mr. VAN BUREN DENSLOW, president of the Philosophical Society of Chicago, had sent me a letter, through Mr. CHARLTON, in which he explains the theory he has for acquiring the art of sleeping, and as he describes himself as the champion non-sleeper of the United States, he must have had great need of studying the subject. We were now fairly on the threshold of the wonders of Canada.

CHAPTER VI.

SLEEPY MONTMORENCY.—FAMILIAR ADVENTURES.—EDUCATION OF SETTLERS.

Niagara is undoubtedly mad—the maddest of all waterfalls and cataracts ever known. No commissioners of lunacy, however reluctant to entertain extreme opinions, would doubt it. The riotous and irresponsible rapids are beyond all control or restraint. Far away in the same wonderland of Canada—beyond Toronto and Ottawa, and Montreal, two hundred miles up the St. Lawrence, beyond the great cliffs of Quebec—are the wise, sleepy, perfectly sane falls of Montmorency. The feeding waters of the Montmorency wander lazily over broad plateaus of rock, apparently reflecting whether they will proceed or not. You see the stream rather than hear it arrive, and reaching the mighty ledge of the deep gulf it hesitates, as the maiden DOROTHEA might (whom CERVANTES describes) at the sudden sight of the fall before her; but

down which she descends with trembling and delicate steps, never rushing, never resting, but, without precipitation, spreads her silver beauty, wide and deep, until it blends with the waters waiting her pleasure below. The silken tresses of a goddess would not be softer and lovelier than these coursing waters of the coquetish Montmorency. Niagara descends because it must; Montmorency because it chooses. But gentle as is the descent of the mighty stream, it has an adamantine incessantness, and presents to-day the same aspect it wore when Generals WOLFE and MOUNTCALM looked down upon it. In the cold seasons, the clouds of spray at the base freeze into a crystal mountain, over which sledges sweep far away over the sea of ice around.

There are many loose French about the suburbs of Quebec. We met one near Montmorency, who lived on the Falls, or by them, or out of them. He excelled all beggars in his vocation, cap in hand. He did not ask, but demanded a gift. His conduct was not entirely one-sided, for to anyone who bestowed no coins upon him, he gave them a piece of his mind, and very liberal measure he made. No sooner had he collected all the dimes and quarter-dollars available, than he carefully surveyed the whole roadway around, from the eminence on which he had taken his stand, to make sure he missed none who had arrived, and that none others whom he could waylay were arriving in sight. He slipped away for a brief period into a neighbouring hotel to get half a pigeon and a glass of sherry to refresh himself after the fatigues of the morning collection. I had heard of beggars having rights, and travellers having none, but never saw the rights so systematically put in force as here.* Let it be added he was the only beggar about.

There is an intermediate Fall at Ottawa, which, in scenic beauty of its kind, is surpassing, because it can be seen entirely with all its tributary waters from the mount on which the Parliament Houses stand. Some day, when Ottawa grows into a princely capital, and the lumber piles are swept from the banks of the Ottawa river, and the saw mills which hide the beauty of the Chaudière Falls—if I remember the name rightly—people will make a journey from Europe to see them. Every year adds to Ottawa the graces of a capital and seat of government.

* Mendicancy as a profession shows business capacity elsewhere, as in Paris, where in the Rue St. Lazare the other day, a chair was seen, on which lay a hat with the following notice:—"Please don't forget the poor beggar, who is just taking his breakfast."

The land, over which you pass to the Montmorency Falls, is possessed by an enterprising individual, who makes every visitor pay a handsome toll for visiting the wonders which he did not create and does not exalt. If we in England were to let the Tower of London and its jewels be rented to a showman, it would be a less scandal than for a great people to let the unrivalled wonders of nature pass into the custody and control of speculators. Both America and Canada repine that they lack historic buildings, yet they possess historic glories of nature in which millions of years are funded, controlled by adventurers, and disfigured by caprice. America, as well as Canada, still agree to leave Niagara in this condition. The Canadians would do well to clear their side, when every visitor would gratefully flock there.

As we were leaving the sleepy Falls of Montmorency in the carriage, we looked out to see whether the Frenchman had got sight of us, fully expecting he would take a chaise and come after us to collect some other impost which we had evaded paying. The sun was in great force, and I was reposing in its delicious rays, thinking how delightful it was to ride into Quebec on such a day, when in an instant of time we were all dispersed about the road. In a field hard by, where a great load of lumber as high as a house was piled, a boy who was extracting a log set the upper logs rolling. This frightened the horses. They were two black steeds of high spirit, and therefore very mad when alarmed. Had they run on in their uncontrollable state, they would, if they escaped vehicles on the way, have arrived at a narrow bridge where unknown mischief must have occurred. The driver, who was a strongly built Irishman, about sixty, with good judgment and intrepidity, instantly threw the horses on to the fence, which they broke, got into the ditch, and seriously cut their knees. I leaped out into the ditch with a view to help my daughter out of the carriage; but she, nimbler than I, intending to render me the same service, arrived at the ditch, and assisted me out, merely asking "whether four quietly disposed persons being distributed over the Dominion at a minute's notice was a mode of travelling in Canada?" Mrs. HALL, who was riding with us, also escaped unhurt. Her husband deliberately remained some time to see what the horses were going to do, but finding them frantic, he also abandoned the carriage. A vehicle coming by, the driver very civilly offered to take Mrs. HALL and me into Quebec, so that we might order another carriage to fetch those

left behind. I thought it very kind of the owner to accord us such ready succour, but my sense of obligation was very confused when, arriving at our hotel, he said he would trouble me for two dollars for conveying us from the scene of the accident. The man to whom I still feel grateful was our Irish driver (for whose name I have sent), and am sorry I cannot record it here, and to whom I would make some other acknowledgment, for we owed our safety to his prompt action in risking horses and carriage. Mr. HALL made strong representations on his behalf at the hotel that he might have honour instead of blame for what occurred.

It may be as well to recount at once the few turbulent adventures by the way, which occurred to us. Returning from Guelph, which lies below Hamilton, in the Niagara corner of Canada, where we had been to see the famous Agricultural College, we were one night on the railway in what the Scotch call the "gloaming." My daughter remarked that the scenery outside the carriage was more fixed than she had before observed it, and upon inquiry it appeared that we were fixed too—for the train had parted in the middle, and the movable portion had gone peacefully on its way to Hamilton. We were left forming an excellent obstruction to any other train which might come down the line. Fortunately, the guard could see the last station we had left, two miles from us, and see also the train following us arrive there. We hoped that the station-master would have some knowledge of our being upon the line, and stop the advancing train: but when we saw it leave the station on its way to us we were all ordered to leave the carriages, which was no easy thing, as the banks right and left of us were steep, and the ditch at the base was deep. However, our friends, Mr. LITTLEHALES and Mr. SMITH, being, strong of arm and active on a hill, very soon drew us up to a point where we could observe a collision with more satisfaction than when in the carriages. Fortunately, the man who bore the only lamp left us, and who was sent on to intercept the train, succeeded in doing it. Ultimately we arrived at Hamilton only two hours late. When we were all safely at home, one lady, who accompanied us, fainted—which showed admirable judgment to postpone that necessary operation until it was no longer an inconvenience. One lady fainted in the midst of the trouble, which only increased it. The excitement made fainting sooner or later justifiable, although an impediment, but I was glad to observe my daughter omitted to faint at any time.

The other occasion when misadventure took place was when we were crossing the Tesuque Valley, below Santa Fé. The party occupied three carriages; road, there was none, and the horses knew it, and when they came to a difficulty—either a ravine or hill—the driver would give them the rein, when they spread themselves out with good sagacity, and descended or ascended with great success. One pair of horses broke the spring of their carriage, making matters unpleasant to the occupants; another pair broke the shaft, which, cutting them, made them mad, and they ran away. The carriage in which I was remained sound, and I had the pleasure for once of watching the misadventures of my friends. The river was low, the sand was soft, and the distance through the Tesuque River was considerable, and we calculated that no horses were mad enough to continue their efforts to run through it, and we had the satisfaction of seeing them alter their minds in the midst of it, and continue their journey in a sensible manner.

On proceeding from Niagara we went with our pleasant friends to Hamilton, where Mr. John Smith, the chief emigration agent there, had received instructions from the Canadian Government to pay us every attention in his power, and during the many days we saw Hamilton and its great suburbs, his powers were exerted very pleasantly on our behalf. One of our excursion mentioned, was to the college of Guelph. It is surrounded by a vast acreage on which all kinds of agricultural experiments can be made. The dormitories, dining-rooms, and museums were on a most wholesome scale, as respects space and perfect cleanliness. There were sons of noblemen among the pupils; the sons of tradesmen in Ontario, in which State the college is situated, have board, lodging, and instruction for £25 a year. Youths from elsewhere, some from England, are received at £50, and those who choose to earn money by their husbandry have it put to their credit. The president, Mr. Mills, was at the trouble, after the dinner to which we were entertained, to show us all the features of the place. There is nothing of the kind in this country so complete and so economical. Cattle of the finest European breeds are kept in stables and fields, and march on to the platforms of the lecture-rooms, where their points are discoursed upon and verified by the pupils. Youths passing through this college know all about agriculture, cattle, crops, soils, climate, and whatever a settler should know. The illustrations in the reports

published by this college, are most entertaining and instructive. For instance, four oxen of the chief known breeds of the world, are sliced in the same parts and drawn in colours so realistically, that the very plates look savoury. The most ignorant housewife who saw those joints delineated would see at once which breed of beast to buy of, and would know when she entered a butcher's shop what breed the shopkeeper had on his counter; which is more, probably, than he would know himself, unless he had been at Guelph. The education of settlers, so complete and on terms within the means of ordinary persons, I have not heretofore seen. The president, to whom I put the question, was of opinion that a more limited intellectual education and the rough duties of a settler's life might be taught to youths of ten or twelve years, and made industrially self-supporting. Here is a field in which philanthropy might supply the conditions of buildings and some small support, so that the children of mechanics could be taught how to become settlers. In countries where land is to be had the fortunes of millions may be made if they have first learned to live on land. If Mr. MUNDELLA would run over some recess and look at Guelph, he might find the means of imparting an industrial character to our board school training, which now it lacks, and tends to bring up young people to be clerks and prigs, instéad of loving enterprising labour, being fitted for it, and anxious to engage in it.

Hamilton has noble views of land and water, stately buildings, imposing gasworks, and ever-extending manufactures. In Mr. LITTLEHALE'S garden, before his door, beautiful humming birds came and displayed their dainty colours on the branches of trees. I did not expect such visitors in Canada.

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO CARLYLE'S SISTER.—CO-OPERATIVE LECTURES IN TORONTO.—INTERVIEWS WITH THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.

Among the attractions of Hamilton, not the least was the fact that it was the residence of Mrs. HANNING, THOMAS CARLYLE'S sister, whose name occurs in recent books relating to the Chelsea sage as JANET CARLYLE. Mrs. HANNING, soon after her marriage, which took place when she resided near Manchester, went to Canada with her husband, and has resided in Hamilton many years. Her residence is what in England we should call a pleasant detached villa. Quite a country garden surrounds it, from which she gathered a bright bunch of flowers for my daughter, when we visited her, an act of pleasant familiar country life at home, which made us forget that Niagara was hard by. Mrs. HANNING has a full-length sketch of her illustrious brother, in which he appears reclining against a wall, in a careless manner, with hat in hand. It appears to be a sketch by Count D'ORSAY. CARLYLE was quite a young man then. She has also a bookcase filled with the costliest editions of her brother's works, which he had sent her from time to time. All his volumes on CROMWELL and FREDERICK the Great are there, and his last book on JOHN KNOX. They all bear affectionate inscriptions written by himself. One book which interested me was one given by Mrs. CARLYLE to Mrs. HANNING. It was when she was living near Manchester. It bears the inscription "To JANET CARLYLE, with JANE WELSH CARLYLE'S affectionate regards, Comely Bank, January 10, 1827." It was not long after her own marriage to CARLYLE, and apparently she had not anything more costly to send as a memorial of her having entered the family. The book was one of her earlier school books, being a volume of examples in eloquence and composition of the last century; a book which happily had not influenced her own style, which was natural, bright, and elastic, beyond anything I observed in the book, which bore an earlier inscription than the one I have quoted, namely, "JEAN WELSH, 1806," written with attempts at ornament and

the letters dotted round as a child writes its name for the first time. The book was undoubtedly sent as a memento of regard, and might have been intrinsically interesting to Miss JANET, and no doubt was, since she has preserved it to this day.

Viewed in some aspects, it must be owned that CARLYLE was the greatest ruffian in literature since the days of Dr. JOHNSON, but, like Dr. JOHNSON, he had the great redeeming virtue of honesty and heroic love of truth; but by idolising power, without defining or limiting its uses, he has taught modern revolutionists a ferocity unknown heretofore. Nevertheless, no man has inculcated self-help and self-trust as he has, and his noble sense of justice was shown in the letters of his wife, which, at his desire, Mr. FROUDE has published, although the impressions they would make CARLYLE knew would be against himself.

On remarking to Mr. FROUDE that to publish her letters was an act of justice to her memory, "Yes," answered the great historian, "but who thinks of doing justice to his wife." The nature of the sisterly fidelity of Mrs. HANNING towards her brother's friend, Mr. FROUDE, the reader may see in the paper contributed by me to the *Nineteenth Century* for August. The object of these papers being to relate matters not elsewhere recorded, I say no more here on this subject. No one who reflects can help admiring CARLYLE even while he blames him, since the things against him were published by his own order to vindicate his wife, whom, absorbed in his own ideas, he had neglected while she lived. The singular thing is that Mr. FROUDE, who published these works in obedience to CARLYLE'S wish, who desired him as his friend to do it, has been censured, and indeed abused, as though he had been the author of the Letters. It has really been very noble of Mr. FROUDE to incur all this censure himself, through fidelity to his friend, and it has seemed to me an act of justice to record that CARLYLE'S sister had honour in her heart for Mr. FROUDE.

As protection in America and Canada has considerable influence on co-operative success, protection will be referred to here but briefly, as it is elsewhere spoken of in the article in the *Nineteenth Century*, already mentioned. People very prosperous are not likely to enter upon the slow, prudent, patient, but sure methods of co-operation. America and Canada being prosperous now, and so many avenues of enterprise being open to the people, co-operation will not be carried through from the inspiration of need, as it has been in England, but

from conviction that it saves trouble, takes adulteration by the throat, and makes equity profitable. Two effects of protection naturally make great impression upon people, it appears to increase manufacturing enterprise and the public revenue. As, however, manufactures are supported by the people who pay a higher price for them, and since the customs' duties are also paid by the people who consume the articles imported, the protected people put their hands in their pockets to pay for their own "good times," which led Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH to say one of those unrivalled phrases which abound in the *Bystander*, that Governments imposing protection are under the impression that "the people can be taxed into prosperity." GEORGE ELIOT tells us that in England "a glorious war time was felt to be a peculiar favour of Providence towards the landed interest." In America and Canada protection is the peculiar favour of Providence towards manufacturers. Besides, it has the moral effect of preventing working people becoming too rich, and thereby corrupted with the "filthy lucre" of this world. With a considerateness to the people not often shown by "their betters" elsewhere, manufacturers and dealers in these two countries take upon themselves the melancholy risk of being too well off.

Two sagacious friends in Hamilton, to whose kindness I had heretofore been indebted, Mr. H. B. WILTON (Inspector of Canals) and Mr. D. M'CULLOCH (Commissioner of Customs), advised me that there were two statesmen in Canada whom the Government would be sure to consult concerning the relevance and practicability of the Emigrants' Guide Book I had come to solicit, and it would be well that I should first see them and ascertain if the project was one that had the elements of international utility in it. As opportunity offered I sought interviews with these gentlemen, who in the friendliest manner gave time to the consideration of the question, and undertook to communicate their impressions to the Premier, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. This was no promise of courtesy by which the visit of a stranger is sometimes abbreviated or terminated. It was fulfilled with a generous promptitude which was a great advantage to me.

Before leaving Hamilton I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon at Dundurn Castle, the residence of Senator M'INNES. The castle commands views of the great waters adjacent, while the abounding park before it affords happy days of recreation every year to the people of Hamilton.

The bright tents erected for their accommodation, and the gas and water supplies running underground, with the view that picnics may be festivities, surpass anything I can remember being done by a lord of the manor in England. Lord COLERIDGE will regret not being able to visit Dundurn Castle, whose civic hospitalities to the people would interest him. On the afternoon when I was there, tea was provided for the ladies who accompanied us, while over cigarettes and claret, our host discussed with his political visitors, Canadian questions. Senator M'INNES seemed to me a concrete embodiment of energy, without excitement. It was impossible not to be impressed with the clearness both of thought and expression, and amplitude of local and national information, with which he illustrated the topics upon which we sought information. He had been on a visit to Manitoba and newly explored provinces out there, and had been as surprised as delighted to find an English-like park and river, or lake of water, brightening the prairie, constituting scenes of fertility and beauty beyond even his experienced expectation.

An advertisement appeared in the Hamilton paper saying that "by the invitation of a number of citizens" I should deliver a lecture on "Parliamentary Oratory in England." Mr. B. E. CHARLTON, of that city, presided, Mr. F. MACKELCAN, Q.C., and Mr. G. TUCKETT spoke afterwards. This was my first address in Canada. Of course, my object was not to illustrate oratory itself, but to explain, for the entertainment of those curious in the matter, the characteristics of the great Parliamentary speakers during the last forty years, and the rhetorical principles by which their great fame was attained.

At Toronto we had the pleasure of being the guest of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, at the Grange, the most English manorial house I had seen in that country or America. Quaint, strong, and capacious, with endless dark-panelled rooms, bright with paintings and other signs of historic opulence. It was built, I understood, by an ancestor of Mrs. SMITH, who held some high legal appointment in his day, which escapes my memory now. By request of the Co-operative Society of Toronto, made to me by Mr. PIDDINGTON, at whose house I met many advocates of mark in the city, who take part in affairs of progress, I delivered my first lecture on co-operation in Canada in the Albert Hall. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH presided, and opened the proceedings in a speech of that freshness, grace, and unfaltering precision, in which, to my

mind, he excels Lord COLERIDGE. At the Oxford Congress, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH made a short speech, which will enable any who heard it to recall his manner. The pleasant associations of that evening will long linger in my memory.

Before we left Toronto, Mr. SMITH drove us through the principal parts of the city, showed us the glories of the University, and was at the trouble to go to the top with us, and from that distinguished eminence, pointed out to us the far extending glories of Toronto. To accompany us about a great building over which he must have been so often, was more than civility.

We next proceeded to Ottawa, where I had the honour of interviews with the Premier, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, the Hon. J. H. POPE, the Minister of Agriculture, and Mr. JOHN LOWE, the distinguished secretary of that department. Though the labour of preparing the Guide Book would fall upon Mr. LOWE, he accorded it his indispensable approval. The Premier invited me to dinner at the Rideau Club, at which the chief Ministers of State were present. The only other English guest, besides myself, was the Hon. Mr. BETHEL, of our own House of Lords. Another night, I and my daughter dined with the Minister of Agriculture, when several ministers were also present, and Mr. BOMPAS, Q.C., of England. Afterwards my daughter had the honour of accepting an invitation to luncheon with Lady MACDONALD. Of course, these countless civilities are gratifying to me to record, but that would not be a sufficient reason to relate them—the better reason is that they show the friendliness of the Canadian Government to the interest of the emigrant whom they believed me to represent. In this way pleasant facilities were afforded me of discussing with official personages the object and character of the Guide book which a European settler would welcome. Early in this year such a book was issued, which, being compiled from materials collected by the Government, written by its authority, and published in its name, the public can trust. At the time of its appearance I described in the *Times* newspaper the interest and extent of information which Mr. JOHN LOWE has infused into the work.

I left Ottawa all too soon. In an uncalculating hour, I had accepted an invitation to speak in Montreal, and telegraphed for further latitude of time, but was informed that personal invitations had been sent to more than three hundred citizens, ncluding professional and public persons, which invitations could not be recalled. Having, as I trusted, some repute for

keeping faith in my own country, I did not want it to be thought that my word was not to be relied upon abroad. Glad as I was at the prospect of visiting Montreal, I left Ottawa with reluctance and regret not yet extinguished in my mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNFAMILIAR FACTS ABOUT CANADA.—CANADIAN CO-OPERATION.

Though I left Ottawa with regret I have not forgotten it, nor the information with which I was favoured there. Canada needs to be better known, is destined to be better known, and deserves it. For comprehensiveness of facts and compactness of statement concerning the unfamiliar land, the reader will not easily find anything more instructive than the article upon the Dominion, by H. B. WITTON, in the "Cyclopædia of Political Science," published by RAND and M'NALLY, of Chicago. We have no similar book in England. WITTON calls attention to the difference between old and new Canada, which few understand. The Canada our fathers knew "was but a fringe of settlements along the heavily timbered banks of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa and shores of great lakes. It had no prairies and no accessible seaport. The Canada of to-day has fine harbours on both sides of the continent, and virgin prairies nowhere surpassed. East and west, Canada now extends from ocean to ocean, and north and south from the frozen sea to the frontier of the United States." Mr. JOHN LOWE, in the Government Guide Books, shows that, including the areas of its rivers and lakes, Canada covers 3,610,000 square miles, being nearly 18,000 square miles larger than the United States, with Alaska (the last American acquisition) combined, and is the physical equivalent of the kingdoms of Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, the British Islands, Russia in Europe, Sweden and Norway." Here is a splendid choice of lands and climates. The settler may choose the latitudes of England, Paris or Rome, Germany or Norway, and

other countries of Europe. Sir JOHN MACDONALD one day made some remarks which threw more light on European conceptions of Canada than any other I heard. He said artists were the defamers of Canada. They all paint the snows, sledges, and ice, and the people in furs. The superb-hued fruit, the magical vines, the golden harvests, the forests, the flowers, the splendid rivers and glories of tropical seasons the great land has, we never see painted. These appeared to me as sagacious, observant, and original observations—the unfamiliar facts of the Canadian continent being presented in few words. The Dominion, he said, was vast beyond European conception—ripens tomatoes in the open air—which cannot be done in England—grows tobacco, and supplies wines with a frost-crisped flavour, which flat southern lands never know. Mr. LOWE mentioned what few would expect, that "eighteen kinds of grapes ripen in Ottawa in the open gardens." The ground, kept warm in winter by a covering of dry snow, is fertilised when the snow falls, and when the warm sun pours down its rays, things grow faster than money at compound interest. To workmen of England, or Europe, a country in which active labour is suspended six months in the year must be a paradise of industry and repose to those who have skill in using the seasons.

On the visit to the college at Guelph, I met an editor of manifest experience, with whom I conversed concerning the Guide Book I had in my mind. He deemed it "unnecessary, as everything was already in books." I begged him to name one, as it would save all further trouble in procuring another. That he failed to do. He subsequently gave an account of great interest of mistakes strangers were under as to the country. I asked "where he found those facts." He "did not find them," he said, "they were acquired in his own experience." I answered "Yes, and it is that sort of experience which is wanted in a book accessible to those who need to know facts. He then contended that "anyone could see what he saw in ten minutes." "Undoubtedly," I replied, "if he had had ten years' experience on the spot." People can only see what they have acquired the power of seeing, and there is nothing which can impart that power like experiences. In America, I often heard these kind of objections; in Canada, only on this occasion. The Government at Ottawa took the practical view of the need of a responsible and explicit Guide Book and issued it.

WITTON gives the population in 1871 at more than three

millions and a half. LOWE gives that of 1881 at more than four millions, an increase of 600,000 in ten years. The Catholics amount to a million and three quarters, the Presbyterians to three quarters of a million, the Methodists to as many, while the residue consist of other faiths, so that when 40,000,000 are added to the population, for which there is plenty of room, society will be as varied as in the United States. It is not lacking now in attractions which Europeans appreciate.

It is well understood now by the testimony of independent travellers, who have spent more time in Canada than I did in 1879 and 1882, that it is a land where men can live with satisfaction. The new north-west contains great unoccupied areas, where, apart from Australia and New Zealand, people of Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, and Scandinavian blood can find plenty of good land waiting occupancy, and familiar conditions of climate and industry. One who lately went 2,000 miles through the country, 1,000 of the two on horseback and in wagon, which enabled the country to be seen and inquired into thoroughly, reports to the *Daily News* that on the belt of a thousand miles extending from Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains, the winters, though colder than in the north of England, the dry atmosphere is invigorating, and a temperature of 10deg. below zero is not nearly as trying as one of 10deg. above in a sea coast country. The Canadian Pacific route, which lies from two to three hundred miles further north, has colder and longer winters and shorter summers, but long enough for growing wheat and oats, as the experience of Manitoba settlers shows.

A writer of wide and accurate information, Mr. S. E. DAWSON, in his interesting "Handbook of Montreal," remarks that "where the temperature is 20 degrees below zero, the frost does not penetrate far into the soil, which is protected by its mantle of snow, and roots and plants are secure from injury until the spring, which returns with a sudden and magical power astonishing to Englishmen accustomed to reluctant and lingering springs." The mean temperature of summer is that of Orleans in France, and the mean winter temperature resembles that of Moscow in Russia. The "Guide Book" written by Mr. LOWE gives such full information on this head that any settler can choose his temperature for himself. America having torrid temperatures in some parts, includes places where malaria may lurk about as it does about Rome. Canada appears to be free from these

risks, and to possess permanent healthiness, save the discomfort of cold, which, being periodic, is a measurable enemy, and being a dry and not a damp enemy, is less formidable and more manageable than strangers suppose.

But enough of this. I quite share the reader's prejudice against useful information, which is generally dull, and always seems a digression. Since, however, many Europeans have friends in the country, and intending English settlers are seeking its shores, and Americans run over the border on excursions of pleasure and business, there are many who have an international interest in knowledge of the great Dominion. Still I am always shy of utility. I was one of the earlier readers of the publications of Lord BROUGHAM and CHARLES KNIGHT, of which it was said:—

> If there should be another flood
> For refuge to them fly
> Though all the world should be submerged,
> Their books would still be dry.

When at Niagara, a captain in those parts invited myself and friends to a drink of sherry to welcome me to Canada in English fashion. We were six in all. Mr. CHARLTON, in assenting for me, made the condition that it should be but one drink, and that ended it. Otherwise, some one would next invite the captain to a drink round with him, and each in turn must have repeated the invitation, which would have ended in thirty-six drinks. Had I taken my share of them, I might have seen six Canadas, while one seemed as much as I could hope to master.

Mr. JOHN SMITH, the Canadian emigrant agent at Hamilton, has a Bureau, to which persons prepared to offer employment to emigrants communicate. Those who have friends are forwarded to them—those who have some capital and a destination are directed there—those without friends or means are provided for until they can be placed in some employment. The emigrants who say they "can do anything" are the worst, as they are persons who, as a rule, do not want to work—what they want is to be porters or clerks in a bank, or messengers in the Customs.

Since temporary relief was provided for those in obvious need, Mr. SMITH was asked if he was not sometimes imposed upon by persons mingling with the arrivals. He said, "Very rarely. He knew an emigrant when he came into his hands." Being asked in what way, he answered, "By the smell," meaning that passengers who lived a fortnight in the steerage

bore for some time the odours thereof about them. The Government have considerately arranged that Mr. SMITH shall provide a building with warm baths, so that emigrants can bathe on their arrival, and enter a clean country in a clean condition. To poor mothers with children, who are unable on a sick passage to bathe at all, a bath on landing must be both refreshment and luxury.

The signs of a settler who is going to succeed are not many, He must be healthy, not old, willing to do anything, and does not drink. From all I heard, I came to the conclusion that whisky is bad for crops, and that he who ploughs with a bottle turns up his own grave. These two maxims would save thousands of settlers.

Mr. PIDDINGTON'S place of business, in Toronto, is described as the "Largest Store in the Dominion," and seemed to me to answer to the description. It was as diversified, as protracted in its passages, and as interesting as NOAH'S Ark. Certainly, if NOAH had as many things in that wandering boat of his, he must have had perplexing moments. It was at Mr. PIDDINGTON'S that I met with other co-operators, and Mr. JURY, the president of the store. Mr. JURY informed me that their society had 252 members at that time, and paid 1 per cent to an educational fund. I do not remember seeing this feature in the balance sheet of any co-operative society in the United States, though in a proposed society in Cincinnatti, of which the prospectus was sent me in 1880, an Instruction Fund was set down. In Montreal there is a fine Co-operative Supply Association, of which the president is Mr. MATTHEWS, a gentleman who takes real interest in increasing the equity and good faith of commerce and its economy of procedure. On the plan of the Civil Service Society of London, the Montreal store occupies larger and brighter business premises (unless those being rebuilt in the Haymarket prove more cheerful and spacious than other stores). It was owing to Mr. MATTHEWS'S influence that I was invited to speak in the Synod Hall. It is proof that there is intellectual liberty in Montreal as well as in New York, since I was permitted to speak on co-operation within those quiet, pleasant, sacerdotal walls. The interior more resembles the Society of Arts in London—the best conference room we have—than any other I spoke in abroad. This was the first lecture on co-operation which had been delivered in Montreal. My aim was to explain in what way co-operation conduced to morality in private life, to economy in commerce, and in what way the Co-operative Supply Association

brought to the doors of the middle and upper classes those advantages the English store furnished to the working class. I spoke also in another hall on the invitation of Mr. GEORGE MARTIN (an eminent photographer in that city) and Dr. M. O. B. WARD, the subject chosen being "My Early Religious Days." Except in New York and Washington, I spoke nowhere to audiences known to know so much as in Toronto and Montreal. In the Toronto Store, and the Supply Association of Montreal, Canada has two excellent examples of forms in which co-operation has been perfected in England. In qualities of judgment, persistence, and in appreciation of methods of business which require no apology, Canadians, so far as I came to know them, seem to me to excel Americans.

CHAPTER IX.

LAST DAYS IN CANADA.

One of the allurements to Montreal was to see again Mr. GEORGE ILES, and the great Windsor Hotel, where he resides, which still seems to me distinguished for its fine proportions and grand solidity. In affairs of high progress (there are, I suppose, affairs of high progress as well as of "high politics") Mr. ILES continues to take no mean interest, and contributes no mean aid by his pen. It was he whose telegram induced me to leave Ottawa against my will. The Grand Trunk train had left the last station where sleeping berths could be engaged before the fatal summons reached me, and my daughter readily agreed to sit up in the cars all night rather than fail in reaching Montreal. The journey to Brockville, where we arrived at midnight, was beguiled by the courtesies of the Hon. Mr. CARLING, the Postmaster-General, who travelled with us that far. The carriages, which were built of light-coloured Canadian wood, were of perfect workmanship, and presented the cleanest interiors I had seen. I do not say they were more beautiful than the Chicago and Alton carriages—that would not be allowed. However, they can

grow trees in Canada. In one of the romantic walks around the Parliament Houses of Ottawa, you come upon a section of a Douglas fir, eight feet in diameter, sound to-day as a target plate. The tree was 300ft. high, and was 566 years old when COLUMBUS discovered America.

At the Windsor, Montreal, we were assigned the chambers considered distinguished by having last been occupied by Mr. HERBERT SPENCER. Afterwards we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM HALL, of University-street, and saw the stately architectural glories of Montreal, its Mountain Park overlooking the mighty St. Lawrence, and the wondrous bridge nearly two miles long, which spans it—defying ice, torrents, and storms—of which the iron tunnel, through which the trains run, which it bears on its broad back, is as marvellous as the bridge itself. Not less in another way astounding is the Mount Royal Cemetery, where wondrous shrines cover miles of sacred acres. Of all the diversions of Montreal, eating oysters with Mr. HALL, at midday, in the sunshine of Bonsecours Market, is not to be forgotten; nor the pleasant freedom of St. James's Club, accorded me by the President; nor the trip to Quebec up the St. Lawrence, 200 miles in sunset and moonlight (which we owed to the courtesy of the manager of the Richelieu Company), in the steady steamer where cleanliness and luxury abounded. The mighty expanse of water and the solemn receding banks, as the sunset transferred them to the care of the moon, was a sight unimaginable in England. We saw only the tamer aspects of the great river, which runs 1,500 miles through a majestic land, where, from the rocks along its sides, the vast steamer appears but as a butterfly upon the water.

Beyond Quebec is the largest and gayest lunatic asylum I saw anywhere. This age has no brighter marks impressed upon it than those made by science and civilisation as shown in mercifulness to the mad. We looked into the house where the body of General MOUNTCALM was brought after the battle in which he fell, and were glad to find it, as we were told, unchanged. I hate people who deface or obliterate, or who change, or even "improve," historic things. The new glory of Quebec is Lord DUFFERIN'S Terrace. The Canadian Government is self-supporting, as it should be in that self-helping land, and the Governor-General is like the gilded cupolas and turrets, which are always bright in that dry climate; he is not the structure, but he imparts to it luminousness and richness of finish. How Lord DUFFERIN fulfilled this ideal

needs no telling; his genius is seen in his terrace. From ridges of narrow streets and from scant plateaus alone could the romantic heights before the city be viewed. By building arches along the cliffs of the town he spanned a useless vacancy, and stretched across it a long, spacious and delightful terrace, adding to the area of the city, like recovering land from the sea. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon—judging from the plan of them—did not present so fine a scene to the spectator upon them as Lord DUFFERIN'S Terrace affords to the visitors and people of Quebec. He gave to the grim cliff city a more than Parisian boulevard over the river and the rocks.

The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company held an exhibition in Montreal of the cereal and other wonders of Kansas and New Mexico. My host (Mr. HALL) strolling in, found a pleasant gentleman in charge of it, and invited him to dinner. In the course of conversation, he asked me who I took him to be. I answered exactly what I thought, which I always assume is what a questioner wants to know, and said, a Catholic priest, with a Mexican face and a Massachusetts accent. I little thought how many pleasant days we were destined to spend together. He had received instructions from Mr. NUGENT TOWNSEND to find me out in Canada, and arrange for our journey to New Mexico. By the accidental mention of my name at the exhibition, my host discovered that his guest was "wanted," and unknown to me arranged our meeting. Mr. CARGILL was of Massachusetts by birth, and had the accent and the well-chiselled Mexican outline of features, but he was not a priest, though he looked the character. He had a buoyant gravity, if such an expression is intelligible, and an American eagerness which gave you the impression of alacrity and entire trustworthiness. Of this belief I remain. I had been to Quebec since we last met when he promised to join me at the Grand Trunk station. But for Mr. ILES and Mr. HALL I should never have found station or carriage at night, and did not know where I was, in the wilderness of people who crowded everywhere, but from out of the mass at the exact moment came my travelling friend, who arranged all things for me during the days and nights of the Grand Trunk journey from Montreal to Chicago.

At Toronto, we were again recipients of the ceaseless attentions of Mr. JOHN SMITH, the Canadian agent of Hamilton, and took reluctant farewell in our minds to pleasant Canada, not forgetting the tea and cream of Guelph; the wise talk of the

president, JAMES MILLS, and the country mansion in which the college began, and to which has been added rooms, halls, lecture theatre, and museums, as needs required and means permitted; so that the college resembles the British constitution, in which everything has proceded from something which went before, in which nothing was planned, and all has grown. We thought of the brave settlers who make glad the vast and growing Dominion:—

> His surely is a happy lot who dwells
> In pleasant pastures far removed from town,
> Whose life from sunrise till the sun goes down
> The same unchanging peaceful story tells;
> Deep in the rustic lore of fleecy fells,
> Proud of the harvest he himself has sown,
> The spreading meadows that his hands have mown,
> And the great cattle that he buys and sells.
> For whom the placid night brings slumber sweet,
> Stirred by no sound of any dancing feet,
> Lit by no light of any laughing eyes;
> Whose quiet days, unmoved by vain desire,
> From summer's sunlight to the winter's fire,
> Creep slowly on, until at last he dies.

So JUSTIN H. M'CARTHY sings, but the Canadian settler has around him "dancing feet" and "laughing eyes," and sees himself many wondrous things before he dies.

At Detroit, at dead of night, when ghosts do appear; only on the Grand Trunk the conductor does not allow them on the train—the curtains of my bed were withdrawn by the Rev. Dr. BRUCE, who had conducted Mrs. LEACH "on board." They call out at railway stations out there, who goes "on board." Mrs. LEACH, who had been on a visit in Michigan, rejoined us at that point. On Sunday morning, long before we reached Chicago, we were met by an agent sent from Mr. CHARLTON'S office, who has the faculty of identifying strangers in the cars, by some occult art only known on the Chicago and Alton line, and before the church bells were ringing we were at Mrs. CHARLTON'S bounteous table sipping cream punch—of a perfection unknown in any other part of the world; eating oysters stewed in milk; chickens and chops, accompanied by white wine; peaches, coffee, and mission grapes, until we really knew we were in Chicago.

CHAPTER X.

MR. CHARLTON'S JOURNAL.

It is a sound rule in forensic procedure that an advocate should, very early in his address, inform the court what he is about to prove. It enables all concerned the better to judge of his facts. Therefore, before entering New Mexico, I will quote an itinerary written by Mr. JAMES CHARLTON for a writer in the *Times*, some features of which some readers may have seen in those columns. It is so lucid and vehement in its narrative that in its complete form it gives an inimitable bird's eye view of our great journey, which owed so much to his presence, foresight, and influence :—

At 12-30 noon, October 3, we leave Chicago, *via* the Chicago and Alton Railroad. We take supper in a handsome roomy dining-car, of beautiful exterior and interior, in which seats have been reserved for us. What is not usual in most dining-cars, the tables are large enough for comfort, and exclude any sense of crowding. During the night we cross the Mississippi at Louisiana, Mo., and the Missouri at Glasgow, Mo. Next morning, October 4, we breakfast in a dining-car, a counterpart of that in which we had supped the night previous, except that it is more spacious. The breakfast, like the supper, was plentiful and excellent, and included California grapes cooled on ice. For meals on these dining cars we paid 75 cents each, or three English shillings each. We reach Kansas City, Missouri, at 8-32 a.m., where we leave the Chicago and Alton Railroad, and find waiting for us a special train of one engine and car, the car as beautiful and convenient as can well be imagined. It has three saloons; twelve berths; a smoking-car; cooking and commissary room; washroom; and other conveniences. This special train is furnished by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, by which road we are now to proceed. We pull out ahead of the regular train, and run to Topeka, Kansas, for dinner. The greater part of our way from Kansas City to Topeka we are alongside the Kaw or Kansas river. The splendid equipment of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad is certainly a marvel. Its eastern termini is 1,400 miles from the Atlantic seaboard, but no road east of it has better or finer looking rolling stock; few have as good. Its roadbed is as perfect as the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is as neatly and carefully stone ballasted, which is saying the best that can be said for it. It is not stone ballasted throughout, but the greater portion is, and this work is to go on until the whole line is brought into the best condition.

Topeka is the capital of the State. At Kansas City we are 489 miles from Chicago. At Topeka we are 555 miles from Chicago, and at an elevation above sea level of 904ft. We run to Strong City, Kansas, 636 miles from Chicago, where we stop to see a cattle ranch. The

ranch has a fine residence, finely located on high ground, commanding a splendid view of a charming valley of immense extent. The fine house and its site seem more like the selection of an artist than a plainsman. We find this plainsman and his wife—in the words of one of us—"Good wholesome people to know." They like the plains and plenty of space, and do not like being crowded, which means they prefer a few miles of their own, and neighbours not too close to their range. They do not envy life in cities. The house is built of a stone which is found plentifully over large areas in Kansas, and is soft when first quarried, can be sawn to any form, and which hardens by exposure to the atmosphere. We continue on our way to Florence, Kansas, 661 miles from Chicago, altitude 1,277ft., where we stop over night, sleeping in our car.

October 5th.—We leave the main line, and take the Marion and M'Pherson branch to Marion centre, Kansas, where we leave the train, and take carriages for a drive through the Mennonite settlements to Hilsboro, Kansas, ten miles further on, whither our train has preceded us, and where it awaits our arrival. We find our way blocked in crossing a ravine. A movable engine used by these settlers has stuck right in our track at the bottom of the ravine; and there is no practical road past it. At once the crowd, who are trying to extricate it, start for us. One essays to explain, but although all yield him the place of speaker, his English is unequal to the task he has imposed upon it. A lad, who has held back smilingly from the first, at what he has foreknown would be this distinguished breakdown, now comes to the front, and in English, as plain as our own, makes clear to us that the direct route is hopelessly blocked for an indefinite period, and, what is better, tells of another way out. Part of this way lies right in the track of a rainstorm now approaching. We delay not a moment, but drive right at it, but luckily not into it, as we had feared. We come upon the edge of it, catch a few drops of it just as our course changes. Before this, we had seen Mennonite farms, farm buildings, and churches. The Mennonites have thriven in this new land, and have mostly, if not altogether, abandoned their first dwellings, which were neither more nor less than adobe, mud-built, one-story habitations. They have now modest, plain, and unpretentious modern houses. By and by, they will improve on these. The young men, who came here when they were under twenty years of age, are slowly becoming Americanised. Even Mennonites are influenced by surroundings and example. The Dunkers, another strict sect, are having a difficulty about the use of pianos, which may yet lead to a church schism. The young people are bent on some relaxation of the iron tenets of their fathers. The world moves, and carries with it the slowest and most conservative. Precedent and custom and creed yield. What close-fisted, good bargainers these Mennonites are, but also how frugal, industrious, peace-loving, law-abiding, and faithful to contract! They came from Russia, driven thence by the blundering policy of autocratic tyranny. What infatuation must have possessed the Russian Government, to practically drive away quiet, wealth-producing subjects like these, who never rebel and never cause trouble, who are not Nihilists, nor dealers in dynamite, who have no passion for politics or reform, but for tillage and peaceful pursuits, and can always be counted upon for taxable purposes, and are a perennial source of revenue. Kansas and peace and fruitful lands, and a balmy clime, and the right to govern themselves, and freedom from autocratic tyranny, must seem heaven to these settlers, compared with the land of bondage which they have

left behind them for ever. No wonder their young men begin to enjoy themselves rationally. They must feel already on the other side of Jordan, and that life ought to begin now and here. Colonel Johnson, land commissioner, Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, told how one day two meanly-clad, impecunious-looking Mennonites, called at the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Land Office, in Topeka, and hung around making all kinds of inquiries until they had satisfied themselves that they were in the right place. Then they asked for an interview in a private room, into which they were led. Their shabby clothes, which hung on them, appeared to be not worth $5; but they commenced to disrobe, and extracted from the recesses of their mean clothing $80,000 to pay for land for themselves and for those whom they represented. About 788 miles from Chicago we see Pawnee Rock, Kansas, a famous battle ground of Indians. Colonel Johnson told me that in 1871, from the summit of this rock, he had 100,000 buffalo in sight. Buffalo are now things of the past at Pawnee Rock. Slaughtered in thousands for mere sport, or for their hides or bones for commerce, they have disappeared from these old haunts of theirs, and a new generation of settlers will deem it incredible that such vast herds of buffalo once roamed these prairies. At Kinsley, elevation, 2,207ft., we walk out, make acquaintance, and have a party to inspect and admire our car, and tell us of their adventures here on first coming, of their ways of life, their society, and successes. We met here a quiet, courteous, refined young gentleman, who, some time ago, foiled, at this place, a band of train robbers. They had left their horses in the shelter of a bridge, and took possession of the station, intending to rob the train on its arrival. Our hero was unarmed, and there was but one course for him to adopt in order to prevent the projected outrage, and he adopted it. In spite of threats, and of the danger of being shot, he ran off into the town to give the alarm. He was fired at by the thieves, and as shots were the agreed signal to the gang to disperse, this led to their scampering off. The citizens were aroused, the train was saved, and the robbers were subsequently caught and punished. He is now the efficient and highly popular agent of the railway company at Kinsley. Robbers, if they had been round, would have had a good chance to enter our car during the night, as the doors were slenderly fastened and half glass. Kansas is a Prohibition State. Prohibition does not prohibit, and Kansas formed no exception to this rule. Artemus Ward declared that the liquor was not as good in temperance hotels as in other hotels. I have found that in this respect Prohibition States resemble temperance hotels. Someone told of Mr. St. John, Governor of Kansas, speaking at Topeka, and insisting that prohibition does prohibit, when 100 men in front of him pulled out whisky bottles and drank right in sight of him, practically refuting his speech, which, however, did not prevent him from delivering it in other States.

We go from Kinsley to Coolidge. We pass Dodge City, altitude 2,499 feet, and see Fort Dodge in the distance. It is now no longer used as a fort. Formerly, on the line of the old Santa Fé trail from the Missouri river west, there stretched a line of forts about 100 miles apart, which were few enough only a few short years ago, but some of which have ceased to be necessary now that the Indian and the border ruffian have been driven away by the railway, and that the untamed cowboy has become amenable to rule, or falls before the sure aim of some minion of the law. In the report of the Commissioners of Emigration for Grant County, New Mexico, it is

truthfully said that "Railways are civilising things faster in this country than the soldiery." We look out of the car windows and see close alongside of us the old Santa Fé trail, the highway across the prairie over which for years wagons, caravans, troops, merchandise, and the protectors of it have gone west. This old prairie road looked but little worn. The great railway on which we travelled actually runs for a thousand miles alongside of this old Santa Fé trail, and enters side by side with it. We stop at Garden City, Kansas, 907 miles from Chicago, to see the results of irrigation in Western Kansas. The Arkansas River is tapped miles away, on ground higher than these farms, and the water brought in what are called irrigation canals or irrigating ditches. These canals or ditches are operated by a company, who charge $1 per acre per annum for the use of the water. We drive about two miles to the farm of Squire Worrell. We saw his Alfalfa clover, which he cuts five times a season, and which yields him $200 per acre per annum; his onions, of which he gathers 600 to 800 bushels per acre, and sells at an average of $2 per bushel; his sweet potatos, which he raises at the rate of 600 bushels to the acre; his beautiful grove of cottonwood trees, from slips planted between two and three years ago, and other marvels rivalling tropical profusion of growth. Some of his cottonwoods, he told us, had made a growth of 14ft. in a year.

CHAPTER XI.

OVER THREE THOUSAND MILES IN FOURTEEN DAYS.—MARVELS OF NEW MEXICO.—MR. CHARLTON'S JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Only an observant traveller, and one of great experience of the country, could collect the many incidents Mr. CHARLTON relates, or make the comparisons which add to the value of his narrative. He held a position of importance in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada, before he accepted the appointment he holds on the Chicago and Alton, so that he is familiar with Canada and America. His journal, of which a portion concluded the last chapter, continues as follows:—

On our way going and returning from the Memonites, we pass close to a prairie dog village. One of the interesting little creatures, half-tamed by familiarity with passing shows like ours, barks long and furiously at us, and fears not. We drove to still higher ground, and visited a family of Scotch descent from the north of Ireland. The old

lady told me that they could get more out of ten acres here, and with less work to the acre, than they could get out of fifty acres in prolific Illinois, from which State they had come to their present location. The products were simply marvellous, and appeared to be produced with little labour, as compared with ordinary farming under ordinary conditions. We visited still another farm to inspect wonderful products of large onions in unusual quantities, and brought away surprising samples. Enormous and delicious water melons were presented to us for use on our trip, and one forty pound sample was boxed for me to take home to a little man four years old. I was told if I would not take it with me, it would be "expressed" to me, so I submitted with a good grace, and much to the satisfaction of the young gentleman to whom I brought it. We are in sight of the Arkansas River and close to it. I had given a favourable opinion of this land of profuse productions, and intimated that I might invest in a small farm. Colonel Johnson promised to show me a fine piece of land. I fell asleep, but Colonel Johnson woke me up just as we passed Sherlock. A mile west of that station he showed me a farm 161 10-100th acres in an angle bounded on the hypothenuse and highest ground by the irrigating canal, and on the base by the railway. It was as even as a floor, except the slight ascent towards the canal. I bought it and shall work it. I own three farms in Kansas already, but much further east than this one, and no one of which I have ever seen. I thought it would be a more novel sensation to own one which I have seen.

At Coolidge we ceased to run special. During the night our car was attached to the "Thunderbolt," for Denver. Next morning, October 7, we came in sight of the Spanish Peaks and Pike's Peak and the Rocky Mountain Range. We breakfast in Union Depot, Pueblo, Colorado, 1,124 miles from Chicago, elevation 4,713 feet. Pueblo claims a population of 20,000. The glimpse of it which we get is of a busy depot, fine streets, smelting works, manufactories, Arkansas River, and a few Mexican huts under the bluffs in the outskirts. From Pueblo to Denver we are in sight of the "Rockies," and chiefly in their foothills. At Pueblo we left the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, and took the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. We are now fairly in a land of irrigation, and a great part of the way we are in sight of irrigating ditches and the results of the same, which are of a prolific character. We pass Colorado Springs, Colorado, a busy station, 45 miles from Pueblo, altitude 6,048 feet. The other sights on this trip, Pike's Peak, Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, the Divide, the waters of which run in one direction to the Platte River and in the other to the Arkansas River, Castle Rock. These and other marvels I chronicled for Mr. Holyoake, and so leave without further record here.

We drive round Denver, Colorado, and I inspect its public schools, which, for convenience, light, ventilation, and spaciousness are unsurpassed in the States. I was in Denver in June, 1871, when its population was said to be 7,000, and again in October, 1875, when it was said to be 20,000. It now claims to have a population of 75,000, which, from all appearances it has. It is now a beautiful city, with splendid public buildings, hotels, and private residences, and with streets lined with fine shade trees. It has an opera house, the fame of which is noised abroad, and it is worthy of its fame. Denver is 1,244 miles from Chicago by the route by which we have come.

October 9th.—We go from Denver to Leadville, Colorado, 172 miles. At Denver we leave our special car, which goes back to

Pueblo, to await our return to that point. Officials of the Union Pacific, with ladies, going to Leadville, give us quarters in their special car. We begin to ascend, and have charming views of the plains below. Then come the wonderful canons, where we look before and see no outlet, and look behind and cannot see how we managed to get in, and look up precipitous inaccessible heights of appalling altitude, by which it is clear that we cannot climb out. Sharp curves enable us to see the first part of the train going in an opposite direction to that of the car in which we sit. We climb up one side of a canon, make a sharp turn round, and climb still higher up the other side, sweep round some other corner, and look down tremendous depths to the level from which we came, and confess that such an ascent by rail is incredible, save to those who have made it. What daring engineers must those have been who had the temerity to project such wondrous railroad tracks through such a wonderland in despite of natural obstacles which, to unscientific, and even to some scientific, eyes, must have appeared utterly impossible to overcome. At one steep ascent, the extra special car proves too much for the engine, and the train is divided in two sections, and the engine has to make two trips over this part of the track. Twenty miles from Denver we enter Platte Canon, and, for fifty miles keep climbing or descending amid scenes of surpassing beauty and sublimity. The lofty granite walls which shut us in vary in height from 500 to 1,500 feet. A canon (pronounced can-yon) is an immense rift or fissure in a mountain range. At Denver the altitude was 5,200 feet, at Kenosha, 76 miles from Denver, we are 10,139 feet above the level of the sea. From this we descend, and are speedily in South Park, an immense amphitheatre shut in by a circle of the higher Rocky Mountains. This beautiful valley is divided into hay farms and cattle and sheep ranches. At Como, at an elevation of 9,750 feet, we dine. At Buena Vista, the altitude is 7,850 feet. At this point we begin to ascend again, and, when we reach Leadville we have attained an altitude of 10,250 feet. We reach Leadville late, and enter it amid howling cabbies, who used Bible words out of their order, and drove furiously, even as Jehu did, if we are to credit the special correspondents of his day.

Leadville has a population of 20,000; is surrounded by mountains—

> That wear their caps of snow,
> In the very presence of the regal sun!

Since we came in sight of the rocky mountains we have never been out of sight of high peaks. In this deceptive altitude these snowy summits seem close at hand, but are many miles away. Rich mines are being worked in all these hills. Mines, miners, and smelting works abound. The streets are crowded with busy people. The crowds are of the usual order of mining towns, and they seem a fair representation of all kinds from all quarters of the world. The received theory is that the vileness and brutality of the whole earth gravitate towards these grand mining districts of the great West. The roughs and outcasts do not compose the whole population, nor even a majority of it, nor do they fairly represent it. Under the rough garb of the miner can be found collegians and university men —homelife at its best. "The small, sweet courtesies of life," and all that is best in character and conduct are compatible with life in mining districts. Cities, and villages, actually exist there in a greater degree than inexact observers have reported. The school vacation has just

ended, and the newspapers report the opening of the schools for the new session with a large and creditable attendance of pupils.

Next come "The Gems of the Sierras," twin lakes, at an altitude of 9,400ft., famous for beauty of location, for fishing, for hunting, for attractive surroundings, lying away off and above us. The considerate and courteous railway company have sent us Captain Tibbetts, their excursion manager, to accompany us on our trip, and tell us all about the scenery. He is enthusiastic, courteous, untiring, and full of interesting information. We pass through wonderful canons, and at last enter the greatest wonder of our day's trip, the Grand Canon of the Arkansas. At Parkdale, an observation, or open car, is attached to the train to enable us the better to see all the marvels of the Grand Canon and its chief attraction, the Royal Gorge, which is a rent in the rock from top to bottom, through which, we were told, it was possible to climb and come out on the other side of the range. At this amazing point, the river for a space fills up the whole breadth of the canon, which is here very narrow, and our train passes on a bridge hung on braces of iron fixed in the walls on each side of the canon. On this curiously and fearfully, bnt firmly, constructed bridge over these swift, confined, raging waters, our train is stopped right opposite the "Royal Gorge," so that we may gaze and wonder at it at leisure. The perpendicular walls of the canon rise above us more than 2,000 feet. At Canon City we see the State prison, an imposing structure of granite, quarried from the adjacent hills. The city has a population of 1,200, and is attractive looking. It has mineral springs, and, of course, is a health resort. Almost every place out here is a health resort. At Pueblo we sup and take the "Thunderbolt." We run east to La Junta. At La Junta, our car is cut off, and a few hours after midnight we are caught up by the train from Mexico and California. We are asleep before we reach La Junta, and are oblivious alike of our being "cut off," and of our being caught up.

October 11th.—We are up at 5 a.m., to see the sun rise on the Raton—pronounced Ratoon—mountains. Slowly we labour up these mountains, with a grade at one point of 185ft. to the mile. An engine in front pulls, and an engine behind pushes us up. We enter the Raton tunnel, through which we pass from Colorado to New Mexico. When we come to the point in the tunnel where we cross the line, we drink to New Mexico. Now we have come to the land of enormous land grants, of Mexicans, Indians, adobe houses, delicious grapes, irrigation and antiquities. In the early morning, We discern a wayfarer, afar off, lying on the ground under moderate wraps. He raises himself on his elbow to look at the passing train, and, when he has gazed his fill, he lies down to repose again. That he does, and can with impunity make the prairie his bed, indicate at once the charming vagabond habits of the dweller on the plains, and the nature of the blissful clime in which he has the good fortune to vegetate. A drove of antelopes in sight scamper off in fear, and are as pretty, as innocent, and graceful, as it seems possible for any created thing to be. Prairie dog villages abound. We pass through a portion of the famous Maxwell Land Grant, comprising 1,400,000 acres. This was granted in 1841, by the Government of Old Mexico, to Beaubien and Miranda, citizens of that Republic. There is nothing monotonous about the face of New Mexico. It is valleys, foot hills, bluffs, canons, mesa, or high table lands, mountain parks and mountains, valleys cosily shut in or high table lands protected by rocky mountains higher still. The mean elevation of the table lands

and valleys is 4,000ft., and of the highest mountain ranges 13,000ft. The population is stated at 150,000, made up of 20,000 Pueblo, or village Indians on reservations, 100,000 native whites, or Mexicans, and 30,000 Americans and all nations. Ruins upon ruins attest the presence once of a large population skilled in the arts and sciences, precursors of the Indian who knows not of them, and who can tell no tale of these ruins which ante-date his advent. Ruins covered with deposits, which date them back thousands of years, ruins in valleys, on table lands, upon mountains, and far up the face of the high rocky cliffs, these latter the abodes ages ago of the Cliff dwellers. The history of this country so far as we know or guess, begins with the predecessors of the Cliff dwellers. Then we have these Cliff dwellers, Indians, Spanish conquest, Mexican occupation, and annexation to the United States. New Mexico loudly proclaims from its adobe housetops that it contains more silver than Colorado and Nevada, and more gold than California, and quotes Alexander Von Humboldt as saying that "the wealth of the world will be found in Arizona and New Mexico." But more than refined gold is that which commands gold. In the report of the Bureau of Emigration of Donna Anna County, it is stated that the emigrant "can buy ten acres of land for $100, plant it in vines and fruit trees, and in four years his labour will make it produce him from $500 to $1,000 to the acre." Surely this is better than gold or silver mines. Indians ride free on trains in New Mexico. The railroad has invaded some Indian reservation, and the right of way is not yet settled, and until that is done Indians will ride free. At Las Vegas, altitude 6,452ft, Indians assail us on the platform with delicious grapes for sale. Dust flies wildly in Las Vegas to-day. We thus experience what is called a New Mexico "sand flip." Las Vegas is mainly a modern city of about 6,000 inhabitants. It has gas, waterworks, a street railway, and two daily papers. The largest house in it is one built by a New Mexican, who on a visit east had taken note of the large business houses, and on his return determined to create a counterpart of them. The old town with its adobe houses, is well in sight as we pass through it. We arrive at the Hot Springs and take quarters at the Montezuma Hotel, a new, large, tastefully adorned, and well kept hotel, owned by the railway company. In the entrance hall, facing each other, hang engravings of Frith's "Derby Day" and his "Railway Station." In the reading-room hang engravings of Miss Thompson's battle scenes, and the engravings on all the walls are of corresponding quality. We have terraces, piazzas, bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, reading-rooms. Ornamental grounds occupy the whole space in front. Fountains, large and small, birds and animals, amongst whom is our old acquaintance the American eagle, in all his glory and strength, the silver fox, and deer. Round the large fountain are chained three small bears, who stand upon their hind legs and eat from our hands sugar, biscuits and nuts, and who, when they get older, will take pleasure in eating us if a favourable opportunity occurs. We are over 2,000 miles away from the Atlantic seaboard, and at an elevation of 6,400 feet, but we have health-giving hot springs, postal facilities, telegraph and express offices, telephone, livery stables, and cricket grounds. The Montezuma is of the Queen Anne style, three storeys high, gable roof, and has about 250 rooms. There is a ladies' billiard parlour in the cupola. It stands on the bank of the Rio Gallinas (pronounced gyenas), just inside the canon, out of which that stream is about to escape to the open country.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. CHARLTON'S JOURNAL CONCLUDED.—STRANGE MEXICAN CUSTOMS.—SCENES IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE, AND IN SANTA FE.

We leave the hot springs, and pass Starvation Mountain, with its battlemented-looking crest, like an immense fortress builded by giants. This mountain takes its name from a horrible incident in its history. A band of Mexicans fled before vengeful Indians, and sought shelter on these high peaks, and were there beleagured till starved to death. For miles the scene of this tragedy is in our view. At many stations little Mexicans offer pinon (pronounced pinyon) nuts for sale. These nuts grow on small trees called pinon trees, a species of pine. We catch glimpses of the Rio Pecos, the largest tributary of the Rio Grande. 1,333 miles from Chicago, and 25 miles from Santa Fé, we pass the ruins of Pecos church, an adobe building about 300 years old. The Pecos were village Indians, who came out of their conflicts with the Spaniards with diminished numbers, afterwards suffered from intertribal wars, and from the Apaches. The Comanches, early in the eighteenth century, drove out the Apaches and "became that fearful scourge of all the surrounding settlements which they have continued to be for 150 years. On one occasion the Comanches slaughtered all the young men of the Pecos but one; a blow from which the tribe never recovered. Thus when the Indians of the Rio Grande rose against the Mexicans in 1837, the Pecos did not take any part, for there were only eighteen adults left, huddled together in the northern wing of the huge building, watching the sacred embers in the face of slow inevitable destruction."*

In 1840, the remnant of the tribe, now reduced to five, united with the Pueblo of Jemez, a distant Indian tribe speaking the same language as the Pecos, and who, hearing of the decline and fall of their brethren, had in 1838, offered them "a new home within the walls of their own Pueblos." The Pueblo of Pecos, is the traditional birthplace of Montezuma, the "Culture God" of these tribes. It was here, after he became a man, that he built the sacred fire, and bade his followers keep it burning until his return; and here it was kept burning—and here daily the faithful climbed to their adobe housetops, and wistfully and hopefully gazed east to welcome the fair god who never returned. When the remnant of the tribe transferred itself in 1840 to the Pueblo of Jemez, tradition hath it that the sacred fire was included in their baggage, and in some solemn mountain solitude restored to Montezuma. The Pecos are now practically an extinct Indian tribe, and the mudbuilt relic of them, the Pecos church, where a strange mixture of Catholicism and Montezuma cult obtained, is fast following them into decay. At Glorieta, scene of conflicts during the rebellion, we are at an elevation of 7,537ft. We pass through Apaches Canon, and Lamy. Lamy is named after Archbishop Lamy, the highest dignitary

* "Report on the Ruins of the Pueblo of Pecos." By A. F. Bandelier. Trübner and Co. 1881.

of the Romish faith in the territory. Before we reach Santa Fé, our train comes to a stop at a point where there is neither depôt, nor water tank, nor houses. This is explained by a robust negro landing himself and his gun and his spoils of the chaise on the rear platform of our car. He had been foraging for us, and had been dropt off by the outgoing train in the morning, with the understanding that our train was to pick him up wherever he might appear. At Santa Fé, we get quarters at the Palace Hotel, one of the finest structures in the city. We stroll through the main streets, look into some of the stores, marvel over the marvellous filagree work, and the curious and ugly Aztec pottery for which the place is famous.

We drove ten miles north to Pueblo Tesuque, an Indian village of adobe buildings. About four miles out we reach Summit, the highest point on our drive, over 8,000 feet elevation, and obtain a fine view of the valleys and high mountains, many of them snow-capped, which encircle us. Going was cool and tolerably free from dust, but coming back it was hot with a "sand flip." On our outward trip, we were constantly passing burros—small but strong and sure-footed donkeys, laden with firewood. Usually there were four or five in charge of one man. At one point a donkey had lain down to rest with its burden on its back, waiting for the others to come up. The question suggested itself, how the donkey could rise with its load. We saw the problem solved by the driver coming along and assisting it up. Each donkey-load sells for about 30c. in Santa Fé. Frost or snow at once doubles the price. On our return we pass these donkeys, minus their loads, returning for other loads. Indian boys, herding cattle and ponies, ask us for matches, which we give, and which are accepted without acknowledgment of any kind. We see Indian adobe houses on eminences, from which Indians watch their crops. We pass a Mexican family going on a visit. Two or three burros loaded with food, household utensils, and bedding, are driven by an old man. On another, more ammunition is loaded, and a very stout old Mexican woman sits astride, still more household stuff and an old man make up the load of another. The old lady is sociable, and attempts to converse with us, which is a failure, as she speaks in an unknown tongue. She smiles in a friendly way, however. On our return we pass this party again. They have camped for dinner in the shade of a circle of trees.

We see all along our route, and sometimes drive across, and sometimes drive in, dry beds and watercourses at present not containing a drop of water, but down which a great rain in the mountains or a cloud burst sends, in a few minutes, a raging flood, a solid wall of water, sometimes estimated at as high as 6ft., filling the whole watercourse from side to side, and carrying destruction to everything in its path. Tragic results follow attempts to cross ahead of this fast-coming, formidable, almost unannounced flood. Colonel Johnson enlivens our party by stories. About six or seven miles out we pass the Mexican village Tesuque. (Pronounced *Sookee.*) Three or four miles more and we enter the Indian Pueblo Tesuque. The village forms a square, with walls two or more feet thick; the above dwellings placed close together form the solid outside wall of the village. Closely huddled to a chimney on the top story sits a solitary Indian woman, but whether she is taking the air, or keeping an outlook over fields of grain, or for the coming Montezuma, who is some day expected to come with the sun, I know not. For hours these Indians will sit in this way. What repose and what contrast to our rush and worry! We see only the exterior of

their church, as the custodian is absent. The bell is suspended on sticks of wood on an adobe wall. A "caretta," a wagon made all of wood, attracted our attention. The Indian children we passed on our way, those we see here, and all these Indians wear their hair banged, and this has been their fashion for centuries, from a time to which the memory of man and their history goeth not back. So long have they thus preceded in this, the modern girl of the period.

These Indians are a social community, and live in common, and own their lands in common. The Cacique is chief in Church and State, priest of Montezuma, supreme in spiritual and temporal affairs. How Caciques were originally appointed is not known. The first duty of a Cacique on taking office is to appoint his successor. Aided by three ex-governors, whom he selects, he appoints the governor and all the officers. The governor is appointed annually. His behests are law, and every morning he announces each one's duties for the day. No remuneration attaches to this office, which is purely honorary. A council of wise men, consisting of ex-governors compose the cabinet or constitutional advisers of the governor. The oral morning edicts of the governor take us back to the dawn of history in other lands. For three centuries certainly, and how much longer is not known, these communal villages have existed under this method of government, and their appearance and their daily routine to-day verifies the report three centuries ago of Antonio De Espejo, published in "Hakluyt's Voyages." We found the governor and his lady squatted on the ground in front of the gubernatorial mansion, husking corn, which, unlike our sweet Indian corn, is not white, but is of a beautiful dark purple colour, and is called squaw corn. The adobe dwelling has two stories, the upper one set back, making an elevated boulevard all round inside the village. The governor's mansion had the side towards the open square, open to the weather, except for a few upright posts and open fence about a third of the height. This forms his reception-room. Access to it was by a ladder of the most simple and primitive manufacture, and much damaged by age and use. An old resident of Santa Fé, who accompanied us, spoke to the governor; his lady disappeared by the ladder, and when we ascended, received us in improved array. We ascend the ladder to the reception-room, where the governor awaits us, stolid, silent, upright, and not devoid of some quiet dignity. No formal introduction takes place. Robes, and dresses, and blankets hang on a line, extending over the whole length of one end of the room. In the wardrobe, the lady's finery attracts attention, and is inspected, not without bringing from her the hearty genuine Indian laugh, wholesome to hear. Two gold-headed canes, or staves of office, hang against the wall. When the governor orders an arrest he gives his staff to his messenger, who presents it to the view of the culprit, who recognises the delegated authority and submits. The staff of the Indian governor is potent, as was the staff of Judah, or the signet ring of Ahasuerus. On the walls of this and of an inner room hang Catholic pictures and trinkets, very cheap and very poor.

We enter the inner room through a rude, doorless aperture in the wall. We inspect pottery and curious fireplace. The floor is smooth, and clean, and hard. A coffee grinder, of stones, of primitive construction, came under review, as did also a mill of the same construction for grinding corn. On an intimation from the governor, his lady, with a laugh, got down on her knees and ground out some flour. It was not an easy task. It was novel to us, but is older than that day in Judea,

when it was predicted that "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken and the other left." Very old customs and old things re-appear in New Mexico. Water is drawn from wells by a rope and bucket, by hand and without windlass, as Jacob drew it for the flocks Rachel herded. In Santa Fé, as in this Indian village, and all over New Mexico, the adobe houses are built of brick made of mud and straw, and sun dried, as in the days of Pharaoh. The roofs of the adode houses are flat, as that of David, upon which he walked and sinned in his heart at eventide. In Santa Fé, as in this Indian village, people walk and sit upon the roofs of their houses. In one beautiful adode residence which we visit in Santa Fé, friends walk and chat on the roof, eating delicious peaches and other fruits plucked from branches of trees which extend above the roof. In our Indian governor's inner room we see an Indian shield, drum, and rattle used in dances. The rattle is of turtle shell. A small China doll hangs on the wall amongst sacred trinkets. I presented silver to the governor's lady before leaving his mansion, which she accepted without any acknowledgment. Money presented by others of our party to the governor was accepted with never a word, and he handed it to his lady. The governor accompanies us on our rounds until we leave the village. We ascend, by primitive ladders, to an elevated boulevard, formed, as already described. We ascend once again, by sadly-damaged ladders, to roof of second story, and view the village and its surroundings. I give money to the children, which is accepted without response. At parting we shake hands with the governor, and during the ceremony slip silver into his hand. They appeared to be as much amused at us as we were at them. I was told that the money we gave them would be expended in whisky of the fiercest brand. They are more than suspected of trading contraband of war with hostile Indians. They have a trail to the locations of hostiles.

The roofs of the dwellings were low. These Indians are an undersized race. The flower of the village were absent at work. Only old men and the women and very young children were about. To say that the Indian women have no pretensions to beauty scarcely does justice to their appearance. There are exceptions of homeliness, and a narrow escape from ugliness. On returning to Santa Fé we ascend to the top of the hotel, and view Santa Fé and its surroundings and all the glory thereof. Fort Marcy, the military quarters, are in front, adobe buildings for the troops and modern residences for the officers. The old fort, of the same name, is on a high hill in the north-east part of the city. Conspicuous is the old palace, an adobe building, one story high, 350ft. long, 25ft. to 75ft. wide, with piazza, 15ft. wide, running the whole length of the front. It is over 300 years old. In it once reigned in almost regal state, Spanish captains general. It is now the official residence of the governor of the territory. Its Spanish archives dating back to 1543, are numerous, interesting, and valuable. Many of these are missing, however.

Santa Fé, the city of the holy faith, is 1,358 miles from Chicago, population over 7,000, and altitude, 7,013ft. It is the oldest city on the continent, and the largest in the territory of New Mexico, of which it is the capital and the military headquarters, as well as the chief educational, ecclesiastical, and commercial centre. It was the terminus of the old Santa Fé trail, and continues to be the chief distributing point for commerce. It is shut in coslly by high mountains with snow-clad summits. It has a genial climate; its nights are cool; it is a health resort, more especially in winter; its population is a

mixture of Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians, negroes, Americans, and all nations. It has the oldest church and the oldest house on the continent, and an old cemetery which dates from 1680. Its houses are mostly adobe, its streets are narrow, and blank walls are in a majority. It has gas, daily papers in various languages, and pure mountain water. The Plaza has an ornamental square two-and-a-half acres in extent, with trees and flowers, and the inevitable soldier's monument, which it is always gratifying to meet as an evidence that the country does not forget the citizens who died to save it. This one stands in the centre of the Plaza, and is dedicated "To the Heroes who Fell," "Fighting Rebels," and "Savage Indians." We visited the cathedral—mud-built, cross-shaped—in which are many old relics. The walls of the new cathedral now overtop it and surround it, and the building of this new cathedral was going forward during our visit. A few Mexican devotees were strewed about the low benches and covertly glanced us over during their devotions. We also visited the Christian Brothers' College, and next door to it, San Miguel Church, the oldest church in America, built according to one account 1582-1596, and according to another about 1640. It was destroyed in the Indian insurrection in 1680, and was rebuilt in 1710. It is mud-built, about 60ft. high, and is 100ft. by 60ft. "The inside has high white-washed walls, running to a sharp peak, a few little low benches, a dome-shaped altar, containing the usual Catholic ornaments, and on each side a painting, the age of which there is no calculating." It is threatened with restoration, which possibly means the destruction or defacement of all that makes it a relic of the past. Our next visit was to a Mexican adobe residence, a genuine adobe building. It was one story high. By the door from the street we enter a large hall or passage, which leads into the open flagged square in the centre. All round us are bedrooms, parlours. There is a door into the large garden, into which we enter, and find luscious fruits of all kinds, and rich results of irrigation. The foliage is tropical. The trees are planted in rows, which make thickly-shaded, cloistered, walks. The grapes, especially, are delicious, far more so than the same varieties in the eastern States. The garden is enclosed with adobe walls, and an inner hedge of osage orange. Of course, we had to go and see the oldest house, which the Spaniards who penetrated here in 1542 found in existence at that time. It is the ordinary two-story adobe. We met high officials, civil and military, and leading citizens, and members of the Board of Trade, and thus obtained much information. Ex-governor, W. G. Ritch, now secretary of the territory, possesses a mine of knowledge respecting its history, resources, and present position, and was as communicative as he was well-informed. Governor Sheldon told of his twenty militia companies, well-armed, drilled, and officered, and judiciously located, with which he claims to have put down Indians and desperadoes. Since October, 1881, he says that hostile Indians have made no demonstration, and desperadoes, most of them adventurers from other localities, have been extirpated or dispersed. In our opinion, however, the chief element in the betterment of New Mexico has been the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad. It brought, and is still bringing in its train, population of the best kind, and affords facilities for civil government, and makes it possible, and places at its disposal, forces and facilities which secure freedom from organised crime.

On our return trip, we reach Topeka, and drive round its busy substantial looking streets. We inspect the State Capitol and its

treasures, including a large and splendid collection of birds, presented by an enthusiastic ornithologist. On a corner of the capitol grounds stands a large, strong, handsome building—a free library and reading-room—a gift to Topeka, presented by the two great railways that pass through it. It was a merciful and munificent donation to make on the part of corporations popularly supposed to have no souls. From Topeka to Lawrence, where we stop next, is 16 miles. We drive to the large and imposing State University, and listen to an address by Mr. Holyoake, in its fine lecture hall, and have for fellow-listeners other visitors, the faculty, and 500 students. From thence, with a brief stop in Kansas City, we proceeded direct to Chicago, October 17, having travelled 3,313 miles in 14 days.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRAIRIE SCENES.—PLAINSMEN OF KANSAS —PRAIRIE CREATURES.

Only those who have travelled, or who intend to travel, or who would like to foresee what will happen to them should they travel in America, will value the vigorous detail, the selection of incidents, and the felicity of description with which the sketch is written which Mr. CHARLTON compiled, as we rode, for final use in these pages. In the course of fourteen days we went into different climates and among people of different races, as much as though we had gone through several nations in Europe.

When we were at Strong City I was much interested in the conversation of the famous plainsman (Mr. S. F. JONES), who had more cattle than any patriarch. I had never seen a genuine plainsman. This one was handsome, small-eyed, robust, with the health of a buffalo. His modest, resolute, lucid conversation did seem to me "wholesome." The breeze of the prairie was in his speech. His wife told me that she much preferred being on the plains. She said they had a ranche for twenty years on the mountains of Colorado, which gave them a run of fifteen miles around. Yet she felt as though she had not elbow-room there; but on these unlimited prairies it was different. To a person living in London, who thinks a room twelve feet square a rare possession, it

seemed like conversing with people on a new planet, to meet a lady with this queenly sense of space and movement. DEFOE had no idea of this kind of people. If this plainsman had been in ROBINSON CRUSOE'S place, he would have thought a desert island a poor affair, and felt himself crowded upon it. The plainsman in question was entirely without pretension, or vanity, or swagger, often seen in self-made men. He knew precisely what a ranche should have—fertility of grass and accessibility of water. He can tell good ranche land at a glance, and has a quick eye for the points of cattle. He knows what a ranche must produce to feed a thousand cattle in winter. This is precisely the kind of man whom the Government should ask to contribute a chapter to their Guide Book. Ranch buyers would be well directed by the guidance which he could give. He sold his Colorado ranch and stock to the Edinburgh Cattle Company for six hundred thousand dollars. Around his new Kansas ranche he has already thirty miles of good stone fence. He, therefore, is one of the men who know all about the subject.

It was at Garden City where we bought eight melons at 10c. each. To a lady who had wandered out in the moonlight, thinly clad, and had acquired transient malaria, I carried one melon, saying that a homœopathic physician had prescribed that slight globule to be taken. It was not easy to carry it, as it weighed 44lbs. It cost only 5d. and was as delicious as a peach. The green plains of Kansas are the very place for a vegetarian colony. Here a man might entertain seven friends a whole day, giving each 7lbs. of dainty food, at the cost of 5d. for the whole company. And as the melons—like the white onions we saw, seemed visibly to grow as we stood by their beds, vegetarians might live in luxury on a quarter-of-an-hour's work a day.

One day, when we had driven some miles across the prairie, we encountered an animated housewife, who said she was born with the love of flowers; and it looked like it, for she had beds of them blooming all around her prairie dwelling. Her husband did not share her taste; but there is no need out there for an agitation in Parliament to pass a Bill for conceding civil rights to married women. There is plenty of space on the prairie for a woman to have her own way. What struck me most in her conversation was her remark that their land lot at first was only one-fourth of a square mile. They had since taken a second lot, and she said she thought they should take the other two, and have the whole 640 acres to them-

selves, as, otherwise, someone would come and take them, and she did not want to have neighbours too near to her. To have no neighbour within a mile of home would seem to English people rather solitary, but this lady felt most at home with neighbours a good distance from her.

The prairie dog, like the buffalo, is destined to extinction, as is the bright-eyed wonderfully-nimble little gopher. My first acquaintance with a prairie dog was made in one of the parks of Chicago. The zoological gardens there are all free to the public. Wandering in one day I came upon an excavation in the sand, in which a number of prairie dogs and a gopher were at play. The prairie dog is about the size of a fat young rabbit. I would one of the merry little fellows were before me to describe. He appeared to me something between a little pig and a cat, with the fleecy skin of a lamb. Certainly, the group were as nimble and playful as kittens. Their manifest delight was to scratch a considerable hole in the soft sand, push the foremost of the scratchers into it, when the others buried him under the sand, scampering off, leaving him to get out as best he could. I saw no creatures, human or otherwise, in America, so droll and merry-hearted as the prairie dogs were.

In Holland the dog is very serious. He has to draw small carts and barrows along the street, and guard the goods in them, while his master is gossipping with women-folk at the door. There is no canine trades union to see to shorter hours of labour for poor POMPEY in the shafts. In England the dog, though not in harness, is far from being light-hearted, and has no sense of pleasure save the running after cats, or in barking at the wrong person. He has fine qualities, but he is grave. The prairie dog is a gentleman by nature. He is jocund, unembarrassed; he does not speculate. He has not a care upon his mind. He knows nothing of a "corner" except as a hiding place. His little soul is all sunshine.

The gopher is much smaller and is quite a business-like animal. He is half rat and half squirrel—slender, like the stoat, has a sharp-pointed mouth, which could deal with a dinner in a keyhole, and brilliant eyes. His tail is long, like a rat's. His pastime is to race round the enclosure with such incredible celerity that no eye less quick than his could follow him; yet, in an instant, he will bring himself up on any elevation, stand perfectly upright on his hind legs, resting his body on his tail; just as a Manx-man might do, who has three legs, according to the heraldic

device of the island. The gopher, moving his body round as though his tail were a pivot, glances everywhere, surveying the whole land around him, like an Indian on the lookout, then darts round the entire enclosure with electrical velocity. I never beheld such a bright, observant, nimble creature. On the prairies, where irrigation is introduced, both the dog and gopher are drowned in their happy holes. The remainder of the race ought to be pensioned off, and kept in zoological gardens.

Driving over the prairie presents a strange outlook to an Englishman. The prairie is a sea of verdure. It is as though you were in the midst of an Atlantic of buffalo grass. No tree, no water, only one vast circular horizon on the distant edge of which you may see the lightning play, when thunder is about. You drive on 40 or 50 miles, and you may ride on for hundreds of miles, and the scene never changes. The horizon behind follows you as the new one opens before you. That is the prairie, where the only live things are the dog and gopher, now the buffalo and the Indian are gone.

At Leadville, at that vast altitude, you look on mountains yet loftier, with their silver crowns of ice glistening in the sun. Down the dark sides of the greatest are white rifts exactly in the form of the Cross, and much is made by all true believers of that wondrous symbol, elevated as though God had set it high in the air, in the sight of all men. Nowhere in the whole world is the sacred symbol to be seen at such elevation, the central object of such scenic glory as from the mount of Leadville. You see sketches of the wonderful mount in all the illustrated books of those parts and hear accounts of it. It is quite as strange and brilliant a sight as it is represented to be; and the Catholics who look upon it regard it as the mighty seal of nature set upon their faith.

When we were nearing Las Vegas, we found at one of the New Mexican cities, consternation prevailing at the appearance of the comet. It was the same comet which was seen in England, but in New Mexico it displayed itself better, probably out of respect to the republican expectation of that country, where people pride themselves upon having the biggest thing out on view there. I saw it first one morning, just before sunrise, as we were dashing into the great Raton valley. I had seen no such comet in my time. It lay stretched along the blue vault near the horizon, like a vast elongated, luminous serpent of the heavens. There are ranchmen, mountaineers, and cowboys about those parts, not more

advanced in science than we are in England—where Mr. PROCTOR had agitated many with the prediction that this comet was bent on mischief, and would fall into the sun, when that luminary would be disagreeable and roast us as the Inquisitors did the heretics. The first question put to me by the interviewers, who met me at the hotel, where we spent some time, was, "What did I think of the comet, and whether or not in my opinion it would fall into the sun, and what would the sun do if it did?" I answered that as far as I could judge it appeared to me a well-behaved comet. We had reason to think that it had been loafing about the skies for 2,000 years, and must by this time know its way about pretty well. The regular and methodical way in which comets departed on a journey—in some cases of three or four hundred years—and reappeared to the predicted minute, showed that they kept better time than railways, and knew their business too well to get in the way of the sun, and if any young, reckless comet did run its head into the sun, that experienced luminary would do as America did by a new colony of settlers—absorb it into itself and say nothing about it. Mr. PROCTOR had alarmed us unnecessarily." This opinion was given in the papers of the district, and perturbation ceased in lower Mexico. Nobody could be more astonished than I was. I was represented as an authority on comets, and my opinion was considered conclusive upon their behaviour and fate.

The effect of the prairie on city classes is notable. Though the city family be an emigrant one, no sooner do they get upon the prairie than the city seems a familiar home compared to the strangeness of the green desert. After five years or so the family generally goes back to the city, leaving a son or perhaps two behind. The lad is less wedded to the city, adventure is alive within him, and the first years of prairie life have been mitigated by the family society, and he is for enterprise on his own account. In many instances the effect of the prairie on the city classes is entirely good. The feeble become robust, the timid brave, the vacillating acquire decision. The settler from the city tries to be man enough for the situation, and succeeds, and he is a stronger and prouder man than he was—besides being independent. Thus the prairie developes men—when it does not kill them.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONTEZUMA HOTEL.—MARVELS OF LAS VEGAS.—CO-OPERATION AMONG THE PUEBLOS.—THE RAILWAY THE CIVILISER.—UNEXPECTED SCENES ABOUT SANTA FE.

The reader has seen how the *Daily Optic* of Las Vegas elevated me into an astronomical authority, because I pointed out that the solar prophets had better means of alarming us than by supposing such an experienced tramp of the skies, as the comet is, did not know how to keep out of the way of the sun. Astronomers might express their fear that the earth is getting tired of running round its orbit, and would drop down before long. This would be at once frightful, because to the popular imagination, so likely. The grateful *Daily Optic* next informed its readers that "The Honourable GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, of England, and party of railroad people, went south this afternoon *en route* for Santa Fé. An *Optic* reporter had half-an-hour's chat with the distinguished gentleman as he was waiting for his special car to leave for Santa Fé. Mr. HOLYOAKE was completely carried away with Las Vegas Hot Springs, and said the Santa Fé railway company would be justified in building to New Mexico for the Springs alone, and predicted a time when the resort would become world known." If I had not been "carried away" by Las Vegas, I might have been by these wonderful paragraphs in the *Optic*, had I stayed longer in New Mexico.

More than by the thousand courtesies and princely entertainment accorded to me and my companions by the Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, of which I could not be unmindful, I was struck by their enterprise in building a splendid hotel like the Montezuma. The great Palace of Baths there, erected near the hotel, among the springs, exceeds in its variety and completeness anything we have in England. Such civilisation on the foothills of the Spanish range of the Rocky Mountains, at an altitude where, until now, only Indians or Mexicans wandered, did seem to me enterprise of a new order. The hotel is gay, spacious, cheerful in all its rooms, entirely adapted for freedom and pleasure. Telegraph without, telephone and

electric bells within, infinite luxuries of the table, even to varieties of ice cream, abound on a mountain not long since one of the savage fortresses which surrounded the "Great Desert."

The railroad itself has been described in these pages by one competent to judge it. The traveller is sure he is on a sound highway. The stations of the company, and houses of their officials, are of a style fit to be a model for city builders around, and of such character and uniformity that you knew the houses as you approached them, which implies taste, not accident. At no time was I asked by Colonel JOHNSON, or Colonel HERON, what I thought of the land, or country, or anything. They simply showed it to me. The giant mountains were no "frauds," the teeming valleys were not impostors, the honest crops could not lie—anyone could see that. The officers who accompanied us rightly discerned that it was not necessary to ask the opinion of those who could see for themselves the marvels of the land they had to show.

Colonel HERON fought in the Southern army; Colonel JOHNSON in the Northern. Mrs. ETHEL LEACH, the lady who travelled with us, has printed a bright and intelligent narrative of her impression of our journey, and interesting particulars of the career of Colonel JOHNSON, whose mother witnessed in her youth the murder of her parents by Chennes Indians. She, in due time married a missionary, whose first destination was to preach in Kansas among this very tribe, of whom she had a life-long terror. Yet she bravely went, although in her husband's absence preaching, the same fate might befall her. This was real Christian heroism. Colonel JOHNSON was born among the Indians.

Las Vegas, romantic as it is, is inadequately described in all accounts of it I saw. No pictures of it inclined me to go there. As I looked at them under burning skies, I thought we should surely be baked at Las Vegas, with its hot springs. To my surprise, while the valleys were sultry, the air at the altitude of the Montezuma was cold, clear, and pure. The springs alone were hot, not the mountain where they, like the witches' cauldron, do really "boil and bubble." Yet no guide book said so. The place is a very land of health, enjoyable all the year round. Asthmatics recover there rapidly. Even the flies find benefit there, for mountain air carries them away down into valleys, where they have a good time of it in their peculiar way.

It being an unaccustomed pastime, we went down the park to play with the three black bears. My daughter being

lavish with nuts, so interested one bear that he stood up and clasped her round, and looked up with what would have been a pretty beseechingness, had he not employed at the same time an argument of compression, which was natural to him, but inconvenient to the subject of it, since no disentanglement was possible until more nuts were procured and poured by the side of this impressive suitor—when he let go his hold to get them. From which we learned that bears, like many other people, are only to be trusted while they are getting nuts.

Below the bears, on the road on which we had come, we passed by the adobe temple of Montezuma. Adobe is pronounced in three syllables—a-dō-be—and is the Mexican name for a mud-built house, which are usually one story high; so that Santa Fé has been compared to a town blown down. When the Emperor MONTEZUMA perished he told his followers to keep the fire burning in the Temple, as he would come again from the East, and they should see "his face bright and fair." In warfare and pestilence and decimation of their race these faithful worshippers kept the fire burning night and day for three centuries, and it has not long been extinguished. Europe can show no faith so patient, enduring, and pathetic as this.

The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway is a line with a long name, but it stretches a long way. It has discovered Kansas and New Mexico, by enabling the world to get at them, as other great lines—the Canadian, Pacific, and Northern lines—are revealing unknown lands on their routes. We did not see any cities grow while we passed by, but they do grow as though they sprang from the ground like other crops. As farmers cultivate cereals, railways cultivate cities. Colonel JOHNSON told us that when making the survey of Kansas, he dined on the ground where the city of Newton now stands. There was not then a house within twenty-five miles of it. It has now a city hotel. When dining there, we were told that the landlord was an Englishman, and that Englishmen from cities around meet there every year to celebrate the Queen's birthday. The change in security the railway has wrought may be seen in this; that a few years ago Santa Fé mails went only once a month. Passengers were notified that the coach was supplied with provisions and ammunition, so that travellers had only to bring their own guns. Now all along the old war path, and far away in canon and gorge, we found hotels which give a new charm to life, as replete with

studied and refined comforts as Cox's Hotel, in Jermyn-street, London. We had upon our table trout fresh from the mountain stream—not the Irwell or the Roach—and deer and elk that had breathed only the pure air of the lofty plains. Topeka is a city of mark, as solid looking as Leamington, and as large as Cheltenham, yet not many years ago there was not a house within 125 miles of it.

The printing in New Mexico is mostly pale, but guide books to counties abound—indeed, the counties themselves abound. Very interesting reading are these descriptions of unknown places—that is, unknown to Europeans. Such, for instance, are those issued by the "Territorial Bureau of Immigration" of Santa Fé. The deputation from the Board of Trade, which did me the honour to wait upon me, quite confirmed what I read.

The proprietor of the *Chicago Times*, Mr. JOSEPH MEDHILL, lately gave evidence before the "Senate Sub-Committee on Wage-Workers," describing co-operative workshops and their unpopularity—and no wonder from the way in which Mr. MEDHILL says they have been worked. We have not much to boast of our practice in England, but our theories are clearer. In New Mexico I heard nothing of co-operation, save at the Indian settlement below Santa Fé, where the governor handed all the money we gave him to his wife. If we gave him any in another apartment, he handed it over the intervening fence to her—no doubt with a view to an equal division of profits ultimately. It is clear that the rights of women also are well established among the Pueblos. In the court yard was a "caretta"—a curious primitive wagon—of which the axle-tree was of wood. It was such a one as Moses might have had in his farm yard. It resembled those to be seen in illustrations of the Old Testament. The man who made the first canoe with a flint knife might have made this wagon.

Beyond all artisans or tradesmen in the world I envied the Mexican wood seller. He takes three days to cut his wood in the most romantic dells in the universe. He loads his asses in the morning sun. Spends a day in roadless gorges by the side of his four-footed friends. He takes another day in the quaint sunny city of Santa Fé selling his bundles. Another day he returns. For his six days' work he obtains five, or if wood is scarce in the city, six shillings. With this money in hand he buys a pint of whisky, of quality very doubtful, the backbones of a couple of sheep, some coffee, or pepper, or

some other spice. He does no more work while those provisions last. He takes no notice of the markets whether the prices are high or low. He revisits it only when his necessity compels him. He has no care, no master, no overlooker, no bells ring him up to work. He has no artificial wants—he breathes some of the purest air on this planet. In the far distance, silver-capped mountains wait for his glance, sweet streams ripple at his feet, and if the sun fatigues him he sleeps under the bushes, and his faithful asses lie down and await his pleasure. The day is warm and undamp, the night cold but dry. No vermin, large fruit, grass not green but rich, which feeds his asses without cost. When he pleases to awake he calls to his loaded friends, and they jointly pursue their way. No electoral agitator is about here—he knows nothing of Irish discontent or ritualistic troubles. Democrat and Republican, Tory and Liberal, are alike unknown to him. The ballot box is not set up in his parts. He has health without effort, good teeth, and black hair. His garments last for a generation—appearances and fashion concern him in nowise.

Other Mexicans rear goats and drive them at leisure a hundred miles to market. They sell the kids on their way, and then sell the milk of the mothers. If they find no sale for the stock they drive them back again. The corn bread they make, and water from the streams, or milk of the goats, nourish them, and they sleep on the ground. I thought, as I met them, on their happy way, God preserve them from civilisation. As far as we have yet brought it, it can do nothing for them.

CHAPTER XV.

LAST DAYS IN SANTA FE.—STRANGE CHILDREN.—MIGHTY LANDLORDS.—SPLENDID DENVER.—FISH CO-OPERATION.—CAPTAIN TIBBETTS IN THE CANONS.

The pleasantest hours of exploration I spent in Santa Fé were in the old church of San Miguel, where my better-informed friends knew I was sure to be found. Though the oldest church in America, there are those who would remove rather than restore it. A book lay upon an altar in which all who would subscribe to save it had inserted their names, and I added mine for all I could afford. I am not a good Catholic, but in all that relates to the antiquities of faith I am both Catholic and Conservative. I saw nothing in Salem which interested me more than the first church erected in America by the Pilgrim Fathers. Brother BOTOLPH, such was his modest name, head of the seminary of San Miguel, was a gentleman of fine manners and courtly conversation. He evidently knew much more than was to be learned in Santa Fé.

Often, in England, we have to guard against breathing, and are supplied with mechanical means to mitigate its results, while in Denver, and on the plains of Santa Fé breathing is a new pleasure. There are districts where a person who cannot live in England may have life and enjoyment in America, if he has but a good guide book to direct his steps.

The Rio Grande River, where bad malaria wanders along its banks, seeking whom it may assail, divides New from Old Mexico. Rio Grande is pronounced Ri-o Grand at Denver, but at Santa Fé it was spoken of as Ree-o Grandee, which is accepted as correct. The city of Old Mexico lies hundreds of miles beyond the Rio Grande River. But farewell to Santa Fé, where the Spaniard has left his picturesque impress on land and people; for Spanish pride and Mexican indolence are blended in everyone and seen in every step. One incident must end the brief story of the old city.

At Santa Fé I saw a sight not yet to be seen in England, and we shall do very well if we never do see it. A boy came on the car one day and offered to sell green stones. He was

separate families. Those at the bottom had to ascend and descend through each of the other houses to their own—there being but one entrance at the top. There must have been an art of association among these old Mexicans to enable them to live so. We went again through the "dust flips" of Las Vegas, but the dust I found was of a superior quality—not like Strand dust or Broadway dust—of all flavours.

Denver, whose business formerly was poker, and whose pastime was shooting anybody about, I had longed to see, and it did delight me. Its noble thoroughfares, splendid schools, opulent opera-house, hotels, and habitations were a miraculous change. Denver stands on a plateau 6,000 feet above the sea. Surrounded by a glorious circle of mighty mountains greatly higher than the city, dark, blue, distant, and majestic. Denver, now the capital of Colorado, is to have a State House on a plateau commanding this splendid scene, forming a political promenade with which only Ottawa can vie; and Denver will have this advantage, that no saw mills and no lumber piles can obscure or mitigate its glory.

Politicians seem to know exactly what they are in Denver. One told me he was one-third Republican and two-thirds Democrat, but he thought the proportion of his opinion would change if Republicans put forward better men out there.

Mr. Frank High, travelling agent of the Chicago and Alton Line, at Denver, was the most ubiquitous and omniscient guide in the land. He had been everywhere, and knew so many things that he seemed to us to know all. He told us of the silver-crowned rocks of Oregon, 11,000ft. high, standing out on plains of green sward, forty miles around; of cherries of walnut size, fruit of exceeding richness; of rivers on which vessels of 15ft. draught can ply, and where whales gambol, and sharks and thrashers play. All this is true of parts of Oregon, for Mr. High is to be trusted in recounting what he has seen. He added, there is co-operation in the sea as well as on the land. The sword fish and the thrasher are two powerful fish. The whale excites the appetites and envy of both, but the whale is more than a match for either alone. The fish which can pierce, and the crasher, as he is called (schoolboys call him "thrasher"), is constituted so that he can strike a blow like a Nasmyth hammer. So these two interesting monsters lay their intelligent heads together, and agree to co-operate in hunting the whale. Their plan of attack is this—the crasher strikes the whale an astounding blow on the back, while his comrade stabs him

from below, when the whale, who swims on the competitive system, and has no friend, has a bad time of it. Ultimately the co-operators above and below divide his blubber equitably between them. The crasher and his friend always go out dividend-hunting together, their dividend being good blubber.

It is worth remarking of this country that they have months of continuous rain or drizzle. The Oregonites are then as damp as Englishmen, and men and women wear waterproofs. Then follow months of uninterrupted, glorious sunshine and abounding fertility. Mr. HENRY VILLARD, the enterprising President of the Northern Pacific Railway (instead of saying railway they say "railroad" in America, and instead of writing railroad they write "R.R") which runs through Oregon, offered to take me over their vast route by rail and steamship—so that I could see all things for myself.

Mr. DUFF, an English gentleman, superintends the interest of the great irrigation works of the Denver Company. I had seen seventy miles of their canals. Mr. DUFF, who rendered me important service, also explained their operations to me. To supply the plains of Kansas and Colorado with water at will, is to enable the farmers to command fertility and fortune there.

Mr. NIMS, of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, accorded us opulent facilities for seeing the miracles of the Grand Canons and Leadville, and gave us Captain TIBBETTS as a conductor. The captain exceeded in enthusiasm and imperturbable geniality all conductors I met. He explained to me the beauties and wonders of the "Royal Gorge," as though he had "to trade" it. But that was not in his mind. Had nature appointed him to show it, he could not have spoken of it with more reverence. In his inspired way he put me to the Chinese torture, not by pinching and pricking me, but by denying me sleep. All new travellers in that high ozonic region are overcome with drowsiness until sleep is sweeter than a mountain. Mr. CHARLTON, Colonel JOHNSON, all my fellow-travellers were quiet, dreaming of the abysses hanging over their heads, and enjoying all things reversed. Not a wink did Captain TIBBETTS accord to me. It was necessary to his peace that I should see all. One moment he would point out a dozen wonders. When he had left me he had his eye on me. Before we came to a new miracle the blinds were drawn, and the fierce sun burnt me into wakefulness. I knew when a new vista of beauty was near, for from the corners of my eye I could discern the

gleams of Captain TIBBETT's bright buttons (the brightest in the United States) approach—and so I saw all things. I was told, that though he was asked a thousand questions an hour by a thousand excursionists, he answered each as though he had not spent years in answering the same questions. Such imperturbable, such invincible geniality is possessed by this prince of guides.

As we ascended 5,000ft. a day we saw the moods and manners of the rocks face to face. Some looked like vast cathedrals, with a hundred spires towering to the skies. We had not to imagine them to be temples—it was difficult to believe they were not real. Everywhere great projections of weird forms came upon us. We met sphynxes of Egypt by the hundred. Portions of many rocks seemed like stone animals of an earlier age that crawled in the infancy of the world. Sculptors of genius might go there and carve the magical projections with little labour into inconceivable forms, or into portraits, and convert the canons of Arkansas into corridors of the gods surpassing dreams of "Arabian Nights," or anything DANTE saw or MILTON conceived.

The golden river of Arkansas runs 1,300 miles. For hundreds of miles we ran by its side. Rocks continually interrupted our view of it, but ever and anon it came again into sight and always with new beauty. The rocks are too rich in gold for miners yet to wash its golden sands, but the mighty rock-guarded river they may never mar. As I looked day by day, as it rippled, or rushed, or glided as fresh accessions of water incited it, I coined all the phrases imagination could supply me to describe the wandering Arkansas, but I have cast them out of my notes, as none can convey to the reader the miraculous beauty that lay sleeping or gleaming there.

CHAPTER XVI.

PRODIGAL LIVING.—WONDERS OF THE ROCK-ROADS.—LEADVILLE WAYS.—DOWN IN SCALP-LAND.

The Bishop of KANSAS was never thoroughly instructed as to how I came by that remarkable red face, which he observed me to have, during the pleasant days we travelled together through New Mexico. On returning from my visit to the Pueblo Indians, I lay full in the sun, basking in delight under its rays—as is my wont, unaware, until told, that my face was scorched; and when I returned to the Palace Hotel, I was advised to bathe it in glycerine, which gave me the appearance of a polished Red Indian. Had I drank Bourbon whisky for a month, I could not have looked so suspiciously radiant. Sir WILFRID LAWSON would not have known me. I apologised to the bishop, with whom I dined, but when I was introduced to his wife, my confusion—added to my other appearances—rendered, I am afraid, my explanation unbelievable. Other persons, better acquainted than I with Bourbon whisky, had referred similar manifestations to the sun, before me; and I am afraid the lady pitied my simplicity more than my misfortune.

I had a small flask I had bought in Montreal. It held but a quartern-and-half. In Denver, it came into my head to have it filled with the best brandy. I was charged 6s. (a dollar-and-half) for it. There is no need of teetotal societies out there. If pledges were laid about a saloon bar, anybody would sign them before coming away. I brought the brandy to London. I shall leave it to some hospital when I die.

The way of the country accounts for much. In great hotels I was fond of sitting in bars, for conversation and picking up character; for, as JERROLD would say, there is sometimes a good deal lost there. I often saw young men order a costly drink, sip a quarter of it, and walk away. They were not drinkers, they were money-spenders. It was as though a person in England ordered half a pint of wine, drank a wine-glass, and left it. One day I saw a senator in the dining-hall order a variety of expensive dishes, taste a few, order others, and eat moderately. He certainly wasted ten shillings. He

did not take wine, or he would have wasted as much more. My impression was that hotels are regarded as very pleasant charitable institutions, which ought to be supported in this disguised and delicate way, instead of leaving a subscription at the bar openly.

When I was travelling among those awful canons of Colorado, heretofore described, the railroad up the rocks seemed more frightful than artist or imagination had painted it. My constant inquiry of Mr. NIMS, of the Rio Grande, was "who were the engineers who conceived and executed those awful ascents?" In England, the name of him who builds a tubular bridge over the Menai Straits, or cuts a tunnel under the Thames, is in the mouth of the world. Miracles of mechanism and construction, more wonderful than any we have in England, have been accomplished in America, yet, on the spot where the mighty works of these engineers were performed, hardly anyone knows their names, and no statue of them meets the eyes of the traveller. I never ceased to wonder and put questions about them. In those canons there were promontories of stone which could be carved, like the Sphynx, into colossal heads of the great engineers, and the wondering traveller for ages might look on the faces of those who made the miraculous way. Above was terrific altitude, below was a terrific abyss of rock and river. Along that silent and foreboding way the trains rushed down at night laden with tons of ore, or climbed summit after summit, as the road varied. The engines crawled up the awful rocks like mighty tarantulas with claws of steel. The trains ran round and round the mountains. Snorting as they rose, you could see the engine pushing in the rear like the tail of flame of an iron serpent. Now it left the rock, now it approached it as it wound round it, now, standing apart from it, as ROSSETTI did by his bride—to admire the more her form and beauty.

There was one consolation, there are no ghosts in the canons. They would be terrified amid those grim, towering cliffs. In those trackless chasms they would lose their way. It is quite true that the action of volcano, water and tempests have carved the rocks into such weird shapes, that a sculptor, with imagination, could convert these canons into a stone corridor, which might be taken to be of the antediluvian world, in which monsters undreamt of by OWEN, or DARWIN, or HUXLEY, might be added to the wonders of the world—in which everything would be strange and nothing unnatural.

So we went to Leadville. Amid diverging ranges of mountains, and over the valleys, we had amazing gleams of sylvan beauty and verdure. Alas, enterprise and civilisation are denuding mountains of their trees and extinguishing their grim glory—searching for gold. Nature ends where commercial civilisation begins. Let us hope that nature has, like the Indians, some Reservation of beauties, which are indestructible, some vast mountain ranges which yield no minerals, or that the world may soon become an international federation, and the remaining beauties of the globe be protected in the interests of mankind; otherwise, those who come after us will find only a world of cinders and blast furnaces, and the last man will be found by the telescopes pointed at him from the planets—perched on a steam boiler.

Miners and farm labourers are the most fortunate of English workmen. A farm hand can get rations, and save dollars where mechanics would perish. A miner in mining districts is pretty sure—I was told always sure—of work, and 15s. or more a day, and be able to buy a whole quarter of beef at six cents (threepence) a pound. All memorable Leadville mining began in an old Californian gulch. The fashions of Leadville are set in the shafts. There are no "mashers" or "dudes" about there. A dandy would be deemed a puppy. Clay-soiled flannel shirts are signs of respectability. On the breast of a rough, flannel-shirted miner may at times be seen a diamond pin worth $2,000. I saw one miner with the price of his last-bought garment on his back, where the dealer had left it; he had not thought it worth while to pull it off. One of the things which command respect in America is the public and private respect in which a man is held who works. The enterprising settler who, having need to move on, when his wife is unable to walk, and he having not yet acquired a prairie schooner, trundles her through the cities on a wheelbarrow, is mentioned with honour in the local papers. Some would say an act like this is not thinking of "appearances." But are not humanity and enterprise, in honest work within your means, the best of appearances?—a thousand times nobler and more refined than the shabby, mean-spirited, contemptible "respectability" which is too proud to do a humble, kind, and useful act, but is not too proud to subsist at other people's expense, to live on food unearned, and wear clothes unpaid for. America knows these kind of people. They seek her shores: she does not knowingly "raise" them.

When Leadville—the great mountain city of America—covers the mighty summit on which it stands, and palaces and towers rise within it, what a study of mountains near, remote, and all around, can be made there! Some mountains are covered with dark green verdure near to the apex. That being of ice, it glistens in the sun as though it were burnished. Some mountains seemed laughing, some satanic, others quite human; others as though they belonged to the skies, which their peaks seemed to touch, and to be parts of their glory.

It was in Denver where one journal, in a well-written article, described me in the heading as "A Great Man." I was unaware of this, and none of my friends had ever discovered it. What was ingenuously and kindly said of us in the *Journal* of Topeka, and in the papers of the cities through which we passed, I may never relate, but may preserve among my home records of the pleasant and amusing civilities of travel. In his charming letters, "Ireland from a Tricycle," Mr. DUIGNAN tells us that Irish proper names were descriptive of the places. The ancient name of Dublin meant hurdle-ford. Annamoe signified the ford of the cows. I wished Americans would either invent pleasant names, or borrow historic ones, or contrive such as some pleasant feature of the place suggests. In the honest, straightforward plains of Kansas we came upon "Dodge" City. I felt uncertain of everything all the while I was in the evasive place. In Chartist days one of the O'CONNOR colonies was at "Snig's End." Everybody felt mean who went there.

"Coolidge" is not at all a romantic name, though the land about it is full of romance. That is where railway officers were shot lately by train robbers. It looked an innocent city when we were there. That is perhaps why it was selected. Where cities are small, with special facilities for horsemen to escape, where cities are at great distances from other cities, and border ruffians are not yet extinct, train robbing occurs now and then. At one city the town asked permission, while we dined at the hotel, to walk through our car, as the like had not been seen by the inhabitants. Whether attractiveness of the car was noised abroad I know not, but next day cowboys came down to make observation. Finding another train not to their satisfaction, they fired their revolvers through the windows. Of course, they seized the telegraph clerk, threatening him if he sent word up the wires. He said he would not, because he had done so before

they got to him, and an engine with armed citizens from a near station came down upon them and captured those who did not fly fast enough.

The cowboy, as we met him on his mustang, riding through the corn, a sombrero on his head, his moustache blown by the breeze, his hair streaming anyhow, his brown corrugated throat all open, his red shirt puffed out by the wind, a pistol-belt round his waist, and trousers tucked into wide-mouthed top boots—the half-wild, resolute, dare-devil, prairie creature is a picturesque figure.

Our way lay towards Lawrence city. Below the University there lay the vale of Lawrence, where, in the days of the civil war, QUANTRELL came down one night with 300 mounted rebel ruffians, and, at daybreak, shot all the men as they left their homes and such women and children as were in the way, and burnt the city down by six o'clock. It was an unarmed city, many miles from any other then, and the murderers were well on their way back to the south before any pursuit was possible.

The Bishop of KANSAS told me that when a boy his geography books described the fertile plains we were riding through as a "great desert." We could see that Kansas is not a bad place for a settlement, where, as I have said, forty-four-pound melons can be had at ten cents apiece. Doctor ABERNETHY'S advice to a plethoric and indolent patient—"Live on sixpence a day and earn it,"—could be acted upon in Kansas; for there a vegetarian could live on a cent and a-half a day, and not earn it. He could beg that out there.

A friend of mine, who in former years had explored California and Coloradian regions, inspecting and estimating the value of gold fields, had seen that lone settlers sometimes were in need of a little more capital to farm their land adequately. With such aid they could obtain ample competence. He therefore entrusted a sum of money to an agent (who was under great obligation to him, and on whom he believed he could rely) to lend out discerningly and to transmit to him the interest accruing. In the valley, where the agent was raised, he seemed a man of good honour, but in the thin air of these mountains his morality seemed to become rarified, and was no longer condensed into remittances. My friend asked me to collect these outstanding funds as I passed through the district. I had knowledge of things out there to guide me. The descendant of a gentleman well-known in French literature, whose father was the secretary

of a diplomatist of great name, had a few years ago come to London. It was there I knew his mother. He had travelled himself in the parts I had to visit, and had invested money in like manner as my friend had done, and was troubled in the same way by what DOUGLAS JERROLD called the "un-remitting" attentions of his agent. One night he arrived himself in the city which I had to visit. He had left Europe without any word of his intention to appear in America, and suddenly sent for his agent to the hotel at which he stayed. The agent came, cool, enthusiastic, and delighted to see him, and spent the evening with him. They dined together with hilarity on both sides, for the agent had promised to bring over in the morning both accounts and balance due. Next morning the gentleman was found dead in his room. There were no experts in toxicology consulted, if they were at hand. It might be heart disease, or excitement of travel leading to apoplexy, which caused the poor gentleman's sudden demise. It was long before the death of the investor was known in England, and accounts interest, and capital alike, have never been heard of further. I was more fortunate in recovering funds, but the affair is not yet ended, or I should relate the adventures which befel me in the expedition I undertook.

We spent days of ceaseless interest in Scalpland on our return journey to Chicago. Hearing of curious objects in one of the railway cities, I took my daughter into a saloon, and was given permission to take her behind the bar, where she could examine the dress of an Indian, slain some time ago, around whose belt hung several scalps—one, that of a white girl who had auburn hair. Men capable of those things were still to be seen about. As the prophet predicted the day when swords would be turned into ploughshares, we, happily, saw the day when the knife of the Indian is melted into steel rails for peaceable people to travel over.

The engine given us by the Topeka and Santa Fé Company was the best, or one of the best known in the land. Our engineer was a bright man, with remarkable intelligence and judgment, who could be entirely trusted. We had a merry-minded, competent, coloured steward, whose commissariat never failed, and we had a well-informed conductor, whose omnipresent knowledge of the movement of every train by night and by day, kept us clear of every danger; and wherever he said we could go, our engineer could be depended on to take us. The boiler of the engine was enclosed in a handsome

strong glass chamber, and on either side was stretched a handsome crimson seat, serving as sofas. My daughter and Mrs. LEACH would go out there and lie and watch the prairies for eighty miles at a time. Had the boiler taken to wilful ways, they would certainly have been extensively dispersed in those parts. It was, nevertheless, a great luxury for them to be able to enjoy such splendour and such peril.

Crape floated at the end of the engine, as it did on every engine that day belonging to the great railway line. A few nights before a collision had occurred at Topeka, when a bright, brave engineer, like our own, lost his life. He had arrived with his train, when he found another train darting upon him. His assistants leaped from the engine, and the people on the platform called out to him to leap off, which he might have done; but such was his confidence in his capacity, his courage, and heroic sense of duty, that he remained, believing he could reverse the engine and save it. His arm, grasping the valve gear, was all that remained of the intrepid engineer. The crape we carried on our engine was for him. He was to have been present at the marriage of his brother the next morning. At Topeka we took the brother and his pretty bride into our carriage on their wedding trip to California. I gave up with very great pleasure my separate apartment in the car for their convenience. It was the only tribute I could pay to the memory of the brave brother of the bridegroom.

CHAPTER XVII.

DISPUTABLE FACTS.—AMONG THE MENNONITES.—COURTESIES OF TRAVEL.—CO-OPERATIVE DISCOURSE IN LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.—CHICAGO AT LAST.

The strongest argument in favour of an American Guide Book is the fact that no account can be given of any place or thing which somebody, who has seen some other aspect of it, or has had other experience, will not contradict. In my former papers "Among the Americans" I gave letters from persons who had passed twenty years in the same place entirely contradictory. One had made a fortune, and another had lost one. He who passes through a city in the summer, where inhabitants abound in streets and parks, thinks it populous and gay; while he who sees it only in winter, when none are about save the roughly clad, takes the same place to be dreary and deserted. Sometimes I intentionally listened to reports of things or places inaccessible to me, where the speaker was a man of known powers of observation and admitted veracity. If anything so heard seems to me of interest sufficient to be named in these pages, I indicate upon whose authority the statement rests. In a country like the United States, of a thousand climates and a hundred races, only a Government can possess the information which shall present the average of facts, of conditions and prospects of settlers, and should render what they know in an accessible form.

Messrs. Belford and Clarke, publishers in Chicago, made me a present of a curious work, issued by them, entitled the "Forty Liars." I ought to say that it was given me for examination—not for imitation. I found there were not more than six good lies (using "good" in an artistic, not in a moral sense) in the whole book, so difficult is it to lie well. So many unseen things have to be taken into account—so many buttress-falsehoods have to be invented, to hold the first lie up and make it look real and self-supporting—that the trouble of a lie is greater than that of the truth; indeed, few persons have the ability to quite conceal a fact under the foliage of falsehood. Therefore, supposing my taste not to

be in the direction of truth, I should adhere to it on the grounds of facility and economy. The reader, therefore, may conclude that my narrative will be as trustworthy as most.

When arriving at the farmyard of the chiefs of the Mennonite settlement—described by Mr. CHARLTON earlier in this story—we entered a wide avenue formed by young light-branched trees, growing, as is the wont of trees in Kansas, as though they expected to receive a commission on their height. What was most surprising was the number of brilliant flies and butterflies which filled the road. I never saw, or thought to see, so many at once. It was quite a Butterfly Avenue. An entomologist needs no net there; he might capture a hundred choice flies in his hat at will. They seemed to fill the pass, and we had reluctance in driving through them. When we returned the same way, they followed us until we had fairly entered the prairie again. It might be merely Mennonite courtesy, undertaken by idle wings on the part of the busy settlers; it might be but a butterfly ceremony of sentiment; or it might be curiosity to see all they could of such strange visitors; however it was, they accompanied us some distance on our way to the plains.

On the prairies, bordering a railway track, unwonted sounds recall familiar scenes and sounds in England. As the railway bells ring over the sunny plains (as church bells do at home) it seemed a perpetual Sunday morning, for, instead of our railway screech, the engines there have pleasant-toned bells, which ring on the uninterrupted breezes, catching the distant ear in places where for centuries previously only the yell of the Indian has been heard.

The Bishop of the Mennonites came with his flock. Fortunately for them he understood farming as well as divinity. When his followers beheld the bare plains to which he had brought them—on which nothing was visible but buffalo grass—their hearts were troubled. "Fear not," said the far-seeing bishop, "in four years all these prairies now waving with grass shall be waving with wheat." And it came to pass even as he had said, and pride and plenty and contentment now dwell with them. The bishop has had planted an avenue of trees—light and graceful they grow—all in a straight line. And what a line! The avenue is 25 miles long; so that the most wavering lovers, walking up it, may hope to come to an understanding by the time they reach the end of it.

Mr. WHITE, the chief of the Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, made for us a marvellous map of our journey. All the places

co-operators kept good faith, profits were made. The discovery became public that co-operators had made honesty pay. The profits made were accumulated for its members, who thus acquired money by simply giving orders, and grew rich while they slept. Not by preceptive teaching, but by these material devices of probity and economy we made morality possible by making it profitable. We kept clear of religion and politics. As individuals we were partisans outside the society, and neutralists within it. Neutrality was the source of our unity and our strength. We respected all men's opinions, but asserted none. Thus the majority never triumphed, nor were the minority insulted by imputed inferiority. In America, where personal opinion was more sharply barbed than among us, this policy would be needed if they adventured upon co-operation. Thus, in default of other subjects, I discoursed in the University of Lawrence. Subsequently I was courteously informed that both subjects on which I had spoken were those on which the students wished information.

In the museum at Lawrence University I saw an image of Indian manufacture of what might have been the first man of Kansas. His inarticulate frame; his staring and inquiring eyes; his open, foolish and expectant mouth; his general look of astonishment and active imbecility, represented the native wonder when knowledge was first invented. At my request the president promised me a photograph of this primitive being; if it arrives in time I intend to adorn my story with it.

There is nothing so beautiful—perhaps I had (in case I should go there again) better say *more* beautiful—in Chicago than the pride the people take in their city. If the Chicago people did but add a little civic logic to their other qualities, macadamise their streets, and permit no refuse to lie about, they might better challenge admiration. Cleanliness and sweetness are the graces of a fine city. To put up vast and luxurious hotels, and retain a roadway before them which a costermonger would not cross if he could help it, is so needless in a city where they have noiseless tramcars, without horse or engine, propelled by an unseen power underground, moving like a spirit and stopping at will. In a city where great things are never wanting, a visitor does wonder that small things should be impossible.

It was a great pleasure to learn that there are prudent people in America, as elsewhere, who never speculate save

with such portion of their fortune as they can afford to lose if things go wrong. The mad lines of the poet—

> He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his desert is small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch
> To win or lose it all—

have, however, more admirers in Chicago than in any other city.

The fact is the speculators and adventurers, the parties of capital and enterprise, monopolise public attention in the press as they do more or less in other countries, and shut from sight the solid worth of the great body of the people. The day of most interest to me in Chicago was spent in the Lake View High School, of which Professor A. F. NIGHTINGALE is principal, who resembled in his capacity of inspiring enthusiasm for excellence that which we honour in some of our great teachers at home. I had met some of the students in society, and judge from what they said as well as from what I saw, that Lake View College was a real school. The building had no mean interest. Unlike the rooms, dreary as malignity could make them, or monastic and dull, which oft in England make learning seem a penitential pursuit—the halls of the High School were spacious, light, and cheerful. The walls were hung with human portraits of men whose fame might be inspiration, and whose history is a part of national education. Myself and friends had the honour to be entertained by the Faculty of the school, and afterwards every opportunity was accorded me to visit the classes. In one I gave a short history of the oldest picture in England, that of RICHARD II. (500 years old), which hung for centuries in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. As it was two years in my house I knew it well. I saw the painted surface removed which was put on it by Captain BROOME, the Parliamentary painter, 150 years ago. No human being living had ever seen, until Captain BROOME'S obscuring paint was dissolved—the pensive, timorous and unhappy king, whom SHAKSPERE drew. The colours were as bright and real as when first laid on, as those may see who visit the Jerusalem Chamber. Painted on a panel consisting of three planks of oak, an inch and half thick, it was yet unwarped. A microscope could not discern where the joining was made. There were carpenters in those days. There was nothing I could say to the historic class in illustration of their studies which could interest them so much as this narrative did.

Later I had the pleasure to address the assembled students. Mr. CHARLTON also spoke. The ladies would have been glad if Mrs. LEACH had spoken, but though she makes excellent speeches, she elected to remain a silent observer all our journey. It was a remarkable oration on the "Power of Music," by Miss KETTIE LITTLE, which I did not imagine for a moment was original, as it was, which led me to describe to the students the characteristics of COBDEN, Lord BEACONSFIELD, Mr. ROEBUCK, and Mr. BRIGHT, and the methods of thought which led to their style of expression and the effects they produced, so far as those points were instructive or suggestive to students of public speaking. The explanation engaged their attention as a similar one would ours, if any person described to us for the first time the way in which WEBSTER and CLAY, CALHOUN, and WENDELL PHILLIPS made for themselves names of renown.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NIGHT WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS OF CHICAGO.—ON THE WAY TO WASHINGTON.—AT THE PRESIDENTS' CHURCH.

Interviewers have seldom had a better time than they had with me in Chicago. My gracious and hospitable host welcomed all who came to visit me, and the intervals between questions and answers were filled up with "mission grapes" and champagne. So whatever conclusion the interviewer came to, he came to it pleasantly. The Jesuit missionaries either brought a grape with them, or cultivated one, which bears the name of "mission grape"—the sweetest grape to be had out there. If this was the "mission" of the Jesuits, to set these grapes going, it was a good one. My host mentioned one thing which seems to me worth repeating, namely, "he had found, in his pretty wide experience of men and

business on railways in England, Canada, and America, that persons really willing to do anything in the way of honest work could always get it to do." As Mr. CHARLTON is not at all a man of illusions, and his sympathies being with the unfortunate and struggling, for whom he would prefer to find excuses where it was possible, this result of his clear-sighted experience is instructive. The above saying I understood to mean—not that anyone could find the precise place he wished, or the sort of employment he preferred, but—that if a man had industry and willingness in his bones, and a taste for honest work, he could always find something to do, and could lie in wait with it until something better floated by him.

The other day I saw a letter in a journal of repute signed "Ontario," giving a very modest, candid, and sensible account of the fruit products and climate of Canada. Yet I would not have admitted an anonymous letter into columns consulted by settlers, without the name and address of the writer, in order that some authority should be afforded to the reader. In travelling I trusted nothing I could not verify, and what could not be verified, wherever I could, I asked to have it explained.

For instance, I asked "If I come upon cases of shooting such as I see daily, does it matter? Does it interrupt business? The answer was, "Except you get in the way of a chance bullet, it need not concern you. For instance, the other day prominent citizen No. 1 shot, at sight, prominent citizen No. 2; when prominent citizen No. 3 (a friend of No. 2) appearing on the scene, shot prominent citizen No. 1. He having some strength left and a bullet to spare, took aim at prominent citizen No. 3 and shot him. Thus," added my informant, "that lucky community got rid of three prominent ruffians by their own agency." The shooting part of a city is always its worst part, and cases of self-extermination which alarm the stranger, are very differently regarded by the citizens.

Failures in America are not always what they seem to us. An explanation Mr. CHARLTON gave me is one which would never occur to a less experienced observer than he. "People," he said, "look forward to a crash as giving honest men a chance. Speculators who take land, and lock it up to sell at high prices, have at last to sell it to pay mortgages. If they only get for it what they gave for it, they consider themselves ruined. Then small capitalists get a chance of buying land

when the price has come down. The crash is a gain to them, and workmen always have good wages when 'ruin' comes." I never knew before that 'crashes' and 'ruin' among speculators are signs of progress.

Among the Englishmen in Chicago is a man of remarkable energy and skill as a mechanician, Mr. WILLIAM BARAGANATH. His ingenious inventions relate to economising heat in steam boilers, if I remember it rightly. He has a manufactory in the suburbs of Chicago. His wish was that a Lecture on Co-operation should be delivered in Chicago; and accordingly it came to pass. Mr. JOHN DUNN, the English Vice-Consul, presided, and made an interesting speech. The time was too brief for so large a city as Chicago to be made aware of the lecture, so it did not realise any profit; it was the other thing which was realised; nevertheless the papers recorded that the subject was propounded, and Mr. BARAGANATH, with scrupulous honour, paid all expenses, including mine, which he might reasonably have ignored, seeing that it was at least as much my duty as his to incur propagandist loss.

By the courtesy of Professor VAN BUREN DENSLOW, President of the Philosophical Society, I delivered an address before the members. The President is a sagacious writer on Communism and other forms of progress. In one instance he has taken a famous passage in the works of THOMAS PAINE, and given the most masterly refutation of it extant; without showing in his words or in his mind, any enmity against the great agitator whom he confutes. Philosophers are said to be above sublunary things, which is true of the Chicago philosophers, for their hall is in the skies. The building containing it is higher than any structure ought to be, and their lecture-room is at the top of it. The stars, I saw, could look in without stooping. The skylights permitted the audience to become acquainted with the points of the compass. While speaking I was blown into the south-west corner; I do not mean by a gale but by a steady blast. The President alone maintained his position, in accordance with a bye-law of the society to that effect. It did seem to me a touch of real civilisation for Chicago to have a Philosophical Society, and that if its prominent citizens and mighty merchants would, just for the pride of the thing, supply it with funds, it would be a memorable thing. A tax of one cent a thousand on the pigs killed in the great city would enable the philosophers to meet on a lower floor. In spur-of-the-moment thinking, it seems to me that there were twenty small towns

in England, which, if sold, would hardly buy as many streets in Chicago, which towns yet have each a Philosophical Society, which has its library, laboratory, lecture-room, and serene chambers where new truth is born in dignity and comfort.

The subject chosen for me was "Migration"—simply that and nothing more. What did it mean? The migration of birds—of men—or ideas? No one can tell why birds migrate. They do not go one by one as men do. They go co-operatively as men ought; and they know where to go to, which few men do. They need no Guide Book. Ideas migrate very slowly. I gave instances in which the London and North-Western Railway took forty years to acquire an obvious idea in their own interest; and another in which the lawyers of Chancery Lane took a longer period to agree about a matter which gave them daily discomfort. We, therefore, had not in England a large stock of ideas on hand to export. Next I described the qualities of certain men—of MILL, of MAZZINI, of GEORGE HENRY LEWES, the husband of GEORGE ELIOT, who was intellectually the bravest man I ever knew. When he accepted a principle he accepted all that belonged to it. The praise of courage did not apply to him. He had, intellectually, qualities higher than that. Courage means facing danger by force of will, danger which you fear. If a thing was right he did it. Nothing came into his mind to the contrary. He had in his mind something loftier than intrepidity. You never had to say to him he *ought* to do a thing which was a sequence of a principle he held. He did it of his own motion. This is the account of Mr. LEWES which I gave to GEORGE ELIOT at the time of Mr. LEWES'S death.

It is not necessary to cite here the further examples I gave, all for the one purpose of pointing out that there did not appear to have been any great migration of such men into the United States. Such qualities of men still abound, as America might know if the conditions of their recognition were better known. This knowledge a national Guide Book would advance. Migration is a necessity of our time; not a migration of conquest, as in days of old, but a migration of progress; and co-operative migration would be the highest form of it.

Thereupon debate arose really worthy of a philosophical society. Each speaker spoke well and knew what he was talking of, none spoke long, each spoke with point. It was as pertinent and vigorous as a debate at a quarterly meeting of

the Wholesale Society. The Chicago speakers, of course, had a larger topic and were able to bring national knowledge to bear upon it. One speaker said they wanted no more immigrants in the country. I answered that the best way to stop people coming was to publish a guide book, and say so, and that the book was for the use alone of those who were in it, who were insufficiently informed of its resources. Another philosopher admitted that good settlers would be an advantage if they came; but the wrong sort mostly took ship and arrived. Clearly, I could urge, this was only to be remedied by official information as to who were wanted. An experienced debater contended that every State expected to be described as the best of all States, and no Government would dare to say it was not. I answered the Government might easily say each State was the best by not saying it at all. A guide book had only to say that, in the opinion of every State, there was none like it, and therefore that might be taken for granted, without saying it over again. One speaker who had taken malaria by mistake, felt sure no State would tell the ratio of disease and death in it. He had overlooked that this is done, and exhaustively done, in medical statistics of the States, and need only to be cited in its place, in any account of a State. Another suspicious speaker declared that the truth, as I wanted it, was not known, and would not be told if it was. All the while each preceding and successive speaker proved, in what he said, that it was known, and proved that it could be known by telling it himself. The most vehement and eloquent of all the philosophers contended, in many forms of argument, that nothing was to be trusted, and nobody was to be believed; and I was obliged to point out that it was difficult to determine what degree of weight was to be attached to the representations of this speaker, since while maintaining that nobody was to be believed, he had omitted to point out on what principle he was to be believed himself. President DENSLOW, in closing the debate, said he thought that the necessity and possibility of a National Guide Book had been made out. Of course this brief report does ill justice to the speakers, since so much is necessarily omitted; nor is their position and authority described, which lent weight to their words.

The handsome, spacious, wainscoted walls of the Union Depôt of the Chicago and Alton Railroad surpass in richness the interiors of the Parliament Houses of Washington and Ottowa. The well-designed and massive brass railing, leading to the

Alton carriages exceeds anything of the kind I have seen anywhere. It would be a new satisfaction to live near that staircase.

If any traveller is ignorant of the advantage of an accomplished conductor, let him go from Chicago to Washington by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and get Mr. LORD to assign Mr. BOND to accompany him. His lively portrait is to be seen in the rich, butterfly-covered guide book of the line, as also other portraits of celebrities of the road, who make the trains bright by their humour and courtesy. In England, the conductor is shut up in a distant box, and the passenger in another, and they seldom communicate, save in a collision, when thrown into each others company. An English conductor is like a clergyman locked up in the vestry, when he ought to be addressing his congregation. In America the conductor is always in the church, that is, in the cars, and the passengers are always moving up and down the aisles. We had, indeed, been long on our journey between Chicago and Washington, when Mr. BOND came "on board" and showed us all things ever after. We rode over torrents, through rocks, and amid new kinds of mountain scenery of verdure and glory, which I had not before seen. We went by the Devil's Glen, a mighty valley of such bewildering intricacy and winding beauty that one could not but admire the taste of the devil in selecting it. At the same time, if he would but take up his abode there it would be well for mankind, for, once well in that wild labyrinthine glen, I do not think that even that experienced adventurer could find his way out again.

We took farewell of the tree-clad mountains, of the Cheat river, where craft lay like midges, as we looked down upon them, of the miles of verdant wilderness through which we rode, of Cumberland and its hotel, where we were royally entertained by arrangement, under direction of Mr. C. K. LORD, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to whom we owed the glory of that journey. Again there fell to us the brilliant hospitality of Colonel INGERSOLL's household at Washington.

The church where most of the old Presidents worshipped lies on one side of Lafayette-square, not far from Colonel INGERSOLL's door. For myself, I went by choice to the church where the morality of Presidents was formed. The galleries lie under three arches, the altar under a fourth, and a dome surmounts them all, with a lantern light in the centre. The galleries have sweet recesses, with a window at either end as

well as at the side. Thus gleams of sacred light fall upon the prayer book, or note book in which a curious hearer might record the falling words of the preacher, as I did. The English church service was used, but wisely abbreviated. There were two clergymen in white surplices. One with a black scarf (which distinguished him from the other whose black scarf went across his back) preached without changing his white garments, or leaving the altar; and not getting into a pulpit (in which no preacher has dignity), but standing before a desk by the communion table, spoke with clearness, distinctness, and force, but without passion, holy or otherwise. The main feature of the sermon was the extent to which heretics were in the mind of the preacher. The testimonies of MILL, ROUSSEAU, and RENAN were cited. The impression imparted to the hearer was that Christianity rested on heretical reasons, which stood out in his discourse bright and picturesque. They stood in the discourse as the rock of the Church. Yet the preacher argued against his own rock. Dr. PERCIVAL, the preacher, spoke, like Dr. LORIMER on board the "Scythia," with a hard, iron, momentum which beat the understanding of the hearer down. He ran over the hearer as though he was a rail, not carrying him in the same train. But he did not shock you by abrupt transitions as Dr. LORIMER did. But there was other preaching that day in Washington far more remarkable and impressive. We went in the afternoon to the church of the coloured people. As the colonel's carriage drove up to the door we had many proofs of their regard for him. We were welcome hearers coming from his house, and wondrous were what we saw and heard.

CHAPTER XIX.

WANDERING ABOUT WASHINGTON.—VISIT TO A COLOURED CHURCH.—A REAL COLOURED SERMON.—FREDERICK DOUGLAS, ORATOR OF THE COLOURED RACE.—INTERVIEWS AT THE STATE HOUSE.

Perhaps it was the colonel's coloured coachman, intelligent and of good presence, who was a favourite in Washington avenues, who made some secret sign to his own people, which caused us to be received with great courtesy at the chapel door, by two white-teethed preachers, who looked as though they could bite a doctrine clean through.

The two negro churches in Washington are handsomer, cleaner, brighter, more cheerful structures than any Wesleyan or Congregationalist chapel in England was some years ago. They surpass any Lady HUNTINGDON chapel extant now. One of these two churches is held by the humbler, the other by the more pretentious and better cultivated class of negroes. This term "negro" is one that may be used in England, it being a term of interest and respect here. But in America it is deemed offensive, and the negro is spoken of as a "coloured" person. To call him a "black" would be resented. I preferred the humbler class of worshippers. My daughter and Mrs. LEACH went also to the second church in the evening, where piety was more conventional and instructed. I preferred studying coloured religion in its natural state.

The church we all went to was light and spacious. Both men and women walked in with more ease, grace, and independence of manner than can be seen in the same class of English religionists. They sat or reclined on their seats, without any of the stiffened terror never absent from assemblies of white worshippers. There was all the difference we see between customers walking into a co-operative store which they own, and walking into the shop of another, where you must buy something, or you feel mean. Republicanism had touched even piety with its gracious freedom and self-respect. These men and women had mostly been slaves, but they had lost entirely the slave-mark of hurry. In this quality of deliberateness the coloured people are more gentlemen and

ladies than the white people. Many of the dusky believers were gentlemen in dress and manner of walking, and stepped up the aisle like a member of Parliament elected for a second time. I sat near a magnificent negress; she wore a small-spotted, close-fitting dress; she reclined listening, like a handsome tigress, voluptuous as CLEOPATRA, with features as fine as they are depicted in ELLIS'S "Cæsar in Egypt." Not far from her was a young girl of singular grace of form; a dusky beauty, with the dreamy face of a gipsy. A rich silk shawl lay upon her shoulders, denoting affluence or extreme taste; it so well became her small and sensuous figure of careless loveliness, passion, and languor. There were men there not less remarkable in their way. I observed that those who came in late quietly dropped into seats which were vacant and nearest, while at the presidents' church in the morning, gentlemen came in when the sermon was near ended, and yet pushed forward to some pew in the front, to show that they owned it, put their heads into their hats to pray ostentatiously, beginning their service when it was three-parts over.

The singing in the coloured church was most strange. It was a trill always rising in energy. Each person sang in a tune and way of his or her own. Four hundred persons each singing in different cadences, low and high, is not to be described. One venerable short man, with a voice like an eight-pounder, drowned all other notes at will. Beyond any man I heard he was master of the assembly. His voice was as the thunder of the heavens to the cheers of a street crowd.

After singing anybody prayed, and prayer sprang to fluent lips, and in far better taste and expression than we sometimes hear in English congregations. The final appeal to GOD with which the prayers ended was in a wild musical tone, that seemed able to pierce the skies and reach the throne of heaven. One good-looking, vigorous young man, had the most perfect, most enviable prairie voice I have ever heard. It was a *travelling* voice. No other term describes it. It sounded as though it passed through the roof, and you heard it as it seemed to pass on through the clouds. It was strong without effort. Its tones seemed apart from the speaker, and its melody never tired upon the ear. It was like the cry of "Excelsior!" in LONGFELLOW'S famous poem.

The preacher who conducted the services was beyond the middle age, and of sedate, honest aspect. His reading of the Scripture was the only religious reading I heard on this visit to America. It was slow, distinct, impressive, earnest,

now hushed, now loud, now a cadence of alarm. His tone changed with the sense, with natural dramatic passion, as though the reader comprehended the words of Heaven, and was reading them aloud for the first time. It was not like the reading I had heard in the morning in the Presidents' church, where the lessons were read with what seemed to me a cold propriety, in which all the tragic pathos of the sacred story was frozen in the preacher's throat; it was earnestness in a refrigerator.

The sermon was in keeping with the reading. The coloured gospel was not bad—peculiar, but seldom extravagant. Its discernment and candour would surprise any English hearer. "My brethren," said the preacher, "CHRIST bid us love our enemies. DAVID was a man after GOD'S own heart, but DAVID did not do this." The preacher said this, and left it as a thing to be noted, and not to be explained away. "We should have clean hands," he remarked. "Clean hands do not mean hands merely clean according to nature, it means clean souls." The conclusion of his sermon was an exhortation, after the manner of preachers, but in the vein of his race. "My brethren, pray! You can telegraph to GOD. You can telegram right away. The man is always at the other end. You can telegram at midnight, the man at the wheel is always awake. Always awake, my brothers and sisters. Pray! brothers, pray! The office is always open, the man is always at the wheel. Brothers and sisters telegram right away." The preacher had got his figures of speech a little mixed. He was thinking of the ship when he spoke of the "man at the wheel." Still he managed his simile pretty effectively, and the comparison between the speed of a telegram and a prayer was creditable to his powers of illustration. He was quite understood. Some laughed, some smiled, some made audible assent, especially two rows of dark sisters dressed in resplendent blue dresses—members of the "Society of MOSES."

The way in which the collection was made was an improvement upon our way of sending the box round. The minister said that so much was wanted for the purposes of the chapel, and asked the congregation to subscribe it. Whereupon men and women arose in different parts of the church, and proceeded to a table before the platform, and laid upon it what they had to give. This went on for some time—there was no begging—each worshipper appeared to consider that if it was worth while worshipping at all, it was worth while

supporting his place of worship. The ladies with me went up to the table and gave money for themselves and for me. If I go into chapel or church for curiosity or edification, I consider that I am under obligation to contribute towards the cost of what I so far value by being present.

One day Colonel INGERSOLL, having business in the court where GUITEAU was tried, took me to see it. It was a large, plain, uninteresting room. A young man was being tried for murder. He sat on a form with a sister and two friends among the people. I could not see why he did not walk away. On seeing the judge who tried GUITEAU, a great lawyer who praised the patience of the judge, told me that the time spent in disposing of that case was honourable to America. I answered that in England we could not understand how a country in which men were shot at sight should waste twelve months in hanging the murderer.

What I most valued that morning was Colonel INGERSOLL'S taking me to the Provost-Marshal's office, to see FREDERICK DOUGLAS. It is an honour to America that such an office should be given to a coloured gentleman. I had been to New Bedford, at night, to see the river where DOUGLAS worked as a slave until he was twenty-three years old. Afterwards the colonel gave a dinner that I might meet DOUGLAS, and we drank (on that night only) champagne of finer quality than I had before tasted in America, in honour of the greatest anti-slavery orator among coloured men. And many were the incidents (not soon to be forgotten) which DOUGLAS told me, which, had I not exceeding brevity in view, I should relate. I also met Mr. DOUGLAS'S sons—fine, manly, intelligent men. Mr. DOUGLAS thought that the coloured people might be regarded as not a bad race, as races go in these days. They had had no schooling, no literature of inspiration; no fine arts existed among them to form their taste; yet they have the qualities which make a people of no mean promise. For myself, I may say that the coloured people, having regard to their self-possession and deliberateness of manner, seemed to me a royal race as compared with the excited white people who stampede after a fortune, contract disease in getting it, drop with a spasm into the grave, without having looked at the world into which they have been projected in a mistake. Besides, no one could look at DOUGLAS, with his lion face and kingly mane of hair, without seeing in him what he is—the leader of the coloured race. He speaks less frequently now

than in earlier days of strength, but when some great question of the freedom and equality of his race arises, it may be said of him, as of WENDELL PHILLIPS, or Colonel INGERSOLL, in the fine lines of Lord LYTTON—

> **His royal eloquence pays in state**
> **A ceremonious visit to debate.**

Having suggested in the last chapter that twenty English towns would fetch at auction less than twenty streets in Chicago, I may mention that since saying so, the sea coast town of Aberayron, Cardiganshire, has been offered for sale. For its houses, containing a population of 2,000 souls, and buildings—£24,000 were offered. Certainly an ordinary street in Chicago would fetch more. Whether Aberayron has a philosophical society is not said. Of that in Chicago I ought to mention that Miss CAROLINE SMITH is its "Recording Secretary;" besides, there are four other lady philosopheresses holding office. No English philosophical society known to me has lady philosophers attached to it.

Colonel R. J. HINTON, who commanded a black regiment in the war, and who was a visitor at Rochdale when the Central Store was opened, I found editor of the *Washington Gazette*, with no abatement of that adventurous enthusiasm which has carried him through so many enterprises. A volume by him on Arizona, with illustrations, is the best I saw in the country on that far-away and strange region.

General EATON, head of the department of education, took valued interest in the Guide Book, which was the main object of my visit to Washington. That patient courtesy (Is there any test of courtesy like patience?) of General EATON, and the wonderful museum of all the educational books and devices of the world, which he showed to us in Washington, dwell still in my mind.

The official communications with the Governments of Washington and Ottawa I have placed in the hands of Mr. GLADSTONE, with my report concerning both Canada and America, and can only describe them here. Previous to leaving England, I received a letter from the Duke of ARGYLL, whom I had informed of my intended visit to Ottawa; and Sir CHARLES DILKE did me the favour of giving me a letter of introduction to the Hon. L. SACKVILLE WEST, our ambassador at Washington. Before setting out for Canada I sent a memorial to the Government of that country, which Sir JOHN MACDONALD acknowledged by a letter to England. At the same time, I sent a copy of the memorial to the Marquis

of LORNE, and to the Hon. J. H. POPE, Minister of Agriculture. Sir CHARLES DILKE did me the favour of transmitting my memorial on the subject of a Guide Book to Mr. Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN, at Washington, and a copy was forwarded to the British Embassy, that the English Minister might be aware of its purport, as he would be sure to be consulted thereupon. The memorial included, in each case, a plan of the proposed Guide Book, detailing the kind of information wanted. With these documents there were forwarded three volumes of the Lord CLARENDON "Reports upon the Condition of the Working Classes Abroad," which Earl GRANVILLE, of the Foreign Office, was good enough to forward to America, and Lord KIMBERLEY, of the Colonial Office, to Canada. For these books—no longer to be purchased—I was indebted to Lord SALISBURY, who kindly ordered them to be supplied to me when he was at the Foreign Office. The Hon. Mr. WEST was more than courteous in his interest in the work which brought me to Washington. Concurring in the object of it, and believing that an authentic Guide Book would be of great value to intending settlers who might go from England to the United States, he kindly voluntered to represent the case—put in my memorial to the American Government—in my absence.

I had the honour of an interview with Mr. Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN. The absence of the hon. gentleman from the capital had prevented his examining the memorial in his office, to which he promised to give attention, as he did courteously to the explanations I made of its nature and objects. Mr. JOHN DAVIES, Acting Secretary in the Home Department, was himself entirely in favour of an accredited Guide Book, and had himself heretofore independently promoted the publication of such a work. Mr. WM. HUNTER, Second Assistant Secretary of the same department, a permanent official of many years' experience, expressed himself as not less convinced of the advantage of the proposed work. During the time I was at Washington, President ARTHUR was occupied on State business in New York, but on his return I had the honour to receive a letter from him, informing me that the subject in which I was interested should receive his attention. One day ere long this may occur. In a republic, the chariot of progress often dashes furiously along; at other times its wheels drag heavily, as though they were the wheels of PHAROAH, and had got into the troughs of the Dead Sea again.

Though engaged in the great law case previously mentioned, Colonel INGERSOLL devoted time to accompanying me to the State House, and introducing me to members of the Government. On other days I was again indebted to the courtesy of General MUSSEY for similar service. To the general I was also indebted for a copy of a municipal and sanitary volume upon Washington, more ingeniously bound than usual with a volume containing maps. Separate maps show the streets, the paved and unpaved, the trees, lamps, telegraph offices, police offices, underground services of water, gas, and drainage; other maps show the quarters where disease prevails, what kinds of disease, and the proportion of deaths among white people and coloured people, and further things of the first moment and relevance, enabling a stranger to see, wherever he may take up quarters, the degree of peril he has to look to, or security he may depend upon. This work is an annual volume in Washington. No Dublin, nor Edinburgh, nor London, nor any town or city in England has any such volume, nor has it entered into the heart of any ratepayers to demand it, nor any town council to issue it.

CHAPTER XX.

A LITTLE ORATORESS IN BLUE SILK.—THE FOUNDER OF FLORENCE.—A CO-OPERATOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—INCIDENTS AND SCENES IN SPRINGFIELD.—NEW BEDFORD LECTURES.—PLEASANT DAYS IN PROVIDENCE.—A QUESTIONING RECEPTION.

Florence was to me as bright as ever. I met Mr. LILLEY again, the most genial treasurer in the world, who is chief purser of the Cosmian Hall, and a frequent writer in Liberal papers. I spoke again in the Hall, and visited the Sunday schools. The *Springfield Republican* had a paragraph announcing that "a horse car will leave Northampton for Florence at 1-15 on the Sunday" of my address there. Mr. and Mrs. SPENCER, who conduct the services in the hall and classes in the school, are both known as public advocates of repute. In the morning I took a seat among the scholars, where I could watch the readings and recitations of the elder students; when all at once a pretty little girl dressed in blue silk, walked quietly towards me, and made me a charming little speech of welcome in the name of the school. Had she risen like a little Venus from the (deal) sea on which she stood, I could not have been more surprised. It was alone, because the sun shone so bright on the snow of Florence, that I had strolled out and looked in at the schools. Of course I had to make a speech to the students, little and large, but I did not acquit myself half so well as the little orator in blue silk.

At night we were accorded a reception at the Cosmian Hall. There were several hundreds of people there. My daughter, Mrs. LEACH, and myself sat on a dais. Things are done in great state in Florence city. All ended by my having to make a speech upon everything which I knew, which, happily for those present, was not much; so, without much distress, relief came to them by pure exhaustion of ideas on my part. Fortunately Mr. LILLEY and Mr. HILL, my host, had spoken, so that a pleasant impression of festivity prevailed in the minds of the meeting.

Afterwards I visited Mr. SAMUEL L. HILL, the chief founder of Florence. He was a man of good stature, of good forehead, and of impressive countenance. In the middle of this century he had been a chief leader and promoter of a social community in the neighbourhood of Florence, which has an instructive history. He subsequently acted upon the high principle of associative life which he professed. He subscribed $20,000 towards the erection of the Cosmian Hall, in Florence, and subscribed $1,500 a year to the support of the preacher. A house he had built for himself he gave up to be used as a "Kinder Garten" school for children. The upper room, with two bay-windows looking over verdant gardens, was very beautiful. It was well supplied with means of instruction. The teachers resided in the house, and all the establishment was supported by Mr. HILL'S generosity. In the winter, when snow fell, he sent a large, light wagon from the farm, which went round to the homes of the little pupils. When school was over this wagon came for them and again left each at home. The morning wagon, gathering clean-faced, rosy children, and driving them laughing from house to house, until it was full of little kindergarteners, was a sight as pretty as a prayer. Mr. HILL was a Quaker, but marrying a bright-eyed Baptist, he joined that Church, and became deacon at Willimantie, Connecticut. He set himself against slavery in its dangerous days, but he was soon "admonished that the church could not be used to address the people on that subject." He was afterwards found with those engaged in the bitterest fight for the freedom of the negro. His philanthropy was not sentimental at one corner only, it was of an all-round, robust quality. He was also for the welfare of all in his employ. He wanted every man to be permanently well off. He assisted them to get houses and land of their own. It has been said lately in the *Springfield Sunday Republican*, that probably half the buildings in Florence came to be thus owned by his aid. He owned himself the steam silk mills of Nonotuck. He was a co-operator of the old school—who have nearly all died out. He gave $25,000 to a fund to enable workmen to get houses, and $27,000 to erect a great School House. To the school superintendent he paid $1,000 a year, in order that he might receive $2,000 salary, as he well knew that there is no folly like that of stinginess and parsimony towards those whose brains you need to do good work. In all things he was a co-operator, with the spirit of a gentleman, who knew that

knowledge was a good investment, and took care that all who laboured for him by hand or brain had "a good time of it." His merit was that he did not look for profit, but for improvement; or rather *that* was the profit he had in view. He lived himself in what we should call a plain villa residence. I think, with pleasure, that I spent some time with him the last night he passed in it. He set out next day for Citronville, Alabama, for change of air, but died on his arrival there. His age was 75. Many were the fugitives from slavery of body, of capital, and of opinion who had found shelter in his hospitable house in the evil days of progress. These were "actions of the just," which "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

I and my friends were the guests of his son, Mr. A. G. HILL. It was he who, observing in 1879 I had some repressed aspirations towards perfection, remarked that "he supposed I did not want to be an angel at starting out." Mr. HILL has sent me a letter describing the death of his father, which was calm and regnant like his life. From the fine spirit in which he speaks of his father's career and example, I conclude that the lustre of it will be sustained in his son.

In Springfield, where a company not only light the city but warm it, laying heat on as we do water, we were the guests of Mr. SETH HUNT, through whom I had the honour to make the acquaintance of some of the principal citizens, one of whom did me the service of showing me the original Book of Laws of Massachusetts, bearing the autographs of "Captain ELIZAR HOLIOK" (who was Town Clerk of Springfield, 1660-1676) and of "JOHN HOLYOKE, 1677" (who was Town Clerk, 1676-1680. I observed that Captain HOLIOK, whose name is always given as "ELIZUR," was spelled by him "ELIZAR." It was from this Captain HOLYOKE, one of the founders and fighting pioneers of Springfield, that Mount Holyoke took its name. His immediate successor restored the *y* to his name. When at Providence, Dr. CHANNING'S son (whom I had the good fortune to meet) told me that the arms of the CAMBRIDGE HOLYOKES are holly and oak, so that the *a* was in the name. The local newspapers cited that I had explained that the name was Druidical, and meant "holy oak." Mr. SETH HUNT showed me historical evidence that ELIZUR HOLYOKE, who gave the name to the mountain, came from Tamworth, in Warwickshire, the same county in which I was born.

One addition to Springfield since I saw it last, was a bronze statue of one of the Puritan-fighting-pioneer founders of the city. The statue is stalwart, vigorous, and lifelike. The

early hero bears upon him a musket, as he uses a farming implement. In those days the farmer had to be ready to fight as he tilled his ground. The Puritans of Connecticut did not pay for their lands as PENN did, and had to pay for them with their blood. The monument stands in the corner of the square before one of the public halls, and derives some of its effect by its unusual position. The brave settler appears still on guard.

Mr. SETH HUNT informed me, in answer to my inquiries, that my friend, Mr. GOODENOUGH, is still in Holyoke City, and that Mr. TOOGOOD is still engaged in the same establishment, so that if there be virtue in names, Holyoke City is all right. I was told that there is a Mr. BADENOUGH now in the city. He is supposed to come from New York, where such persons are popularly said to be plentiful. In Holyoke, he will rectify the balance, if persons "too good" abound. My friend, Mr. HUNT, a great friend of anti-slavery agitators, has been countless years a vegetarian. Some disability had at length overtaken him, but had not abated his fine human interest in things of progress, and since I last saw him he has recovered his usual health, and still discharges his duties of treasurer to the Connecticut River Railroad.

At New Bedford I was shown the Wamsetter Mills, much resembling in their complete appointments those of Mr. J. K. CROSS, M.P., for Bolton. It was shown to me that two electric lights superseded eighty-nine gas burners. The manager, who introduced the new incandescent illuminator, said he found it to be half the price of gas. The Wamsetter Mills were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. They had no names. The hurry in America is on everything. They number their streets. Even their great avenues are 4th and 10th. They will call their squares A, B, and C soon. Their counties will be styled d, e, f. It produces an odd effect to see streets numbered like prison cells. You expect to see the passengers with a number on the coat collars of gentlemen, and on the bonnets of ladies, after the manner of convicts. The reason why barks of trees in the parks are covered with signs and labels, announcing "St. Jacob's Wine" or the "Latest thing in Bitters" is that those who are sent out to put up the notices take no time to find the right place for advertisements, and stick them in the first to which they come.

Mr. PETER SIDEBOTHAM, a frequent correspondent in the *Co-operative News*, and Mr. COFFIN invited me to New Bedford, where I was the chartered guest of Mr. HUGH M'HUGH, who

showed me the most diversified and interesting picture and picture frame works, and kindred branches of electro-reproductions of objects in art, I met with in America. The Rev. WILLIAM J. POTTER, a minister of high character in Bedford; a writer of great precision, force, and independent thought, and editor of the *Boston Index*, introduced me to the audience in the City Hall, which seemed to me a hall worthy of the name. The lecture was upon "Co-operative Methods and Results." My friends were desirous that this subject should be explained in New Bedford, and the full reports in the *Daily Mercury* and *Evening Standard*, enabled those who did not come to the lecture (who were a considerable number) to read all about it. Co-operation is wanted in that excellent city. Bedford, in England, where JOHN BUNYAN'S statue stands, is pretty damp, and drowsy little rivers run about it. New Bedford, Mass., resembles it in low-lying land and water, save that it has much more of both; and though it has had no BUNYAN, it has great historic memories of its own of anti-slavery days.

Wandering about the city one evening, I thought a street I turned into had gone mad. I made for the scene of commotion. There was a grocer's shop in a blaze, within and without; and bands were playing in the street and behind the counter and crowds outside watching the demonstration. I was told that it was merely the opening of a new shop, that this was the way in which the thing was done, and there was good reason to believe that customers were to be got in that way who could be depended upon not to reflect that those who bought there had to pay for the Bedlamic display. There must be a Bedlam near that Bedford.

The Rev. M. C. JULIEN, a popular preacher in the city, introduced me to the audience at the Neptune Hall, on the second night, when I was requested to speak on "GLADSTONE and BEACONSFIELD—their methods of thought and characteristics of their oratory." Several dstinguished citizens, legal and political, were present,

My last breakfast in Bedford was in the Rev. Mr. POTTER'S spacious library. The time of the train came all too soon, abridging those pleasant and well-remembered hours. At Providence, Rhode Island, I found the Naragansett Hotel so crowded that it was with difficulty we reached our apartments. The reason was, that the hotel was invaded unceremoniously from the streets, to hear a speech from General BENJAMIN BUTLER, who had at last got himself elected Governor of Massachussetts. As Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, who

had introduced me to the general in 1879, had promoted his election, I sent up my congratulations to the General on his success; though as an elector I could not have cast a vote for him, except on the grounds of ingenuity, perseverance, and audacity.

On the night of our arrival at Providence, we were present at a festival of the Church, presided over by the Rev. FREDERICK A. HINCKLEY. On leaving the Naragansett Hotel, we were the guest of Mr. JAMES EDDY, who has a great collection of pictures, in which he is a distinguished *connoisseur*. He has two charming daughters, who each excel as artists. Mr. EDDY has built a fine church near his own house and grounds. Like the old Catholic gentlemen in England, he has a church attached to his hall. He has adorned the church by many noble ethical sentences, which are engraved about it.

Mr. BALLOU drove me to the suburbs of Providence, where I had a long-promised visit to make. The open, latticed carriages—excellent in July—are too breezy in November, and I took a pure Providence cold, which might be patented, it is so distinctive. I tried one in 1879, and could draw the specification. But it did not prevent me speaking in the Conservatory Hall of the Free Religious Association, of which the Rev. Mr. HINCKLEY is pastor, on the "Characteristics of English Parliamentary Oratory," a subject which, whenever it was prescribed to me, gave me the advantage of addressing eminent citizens, not to be allured when the generally unknown subject of co-operation was the topic. Reports of this lecture in the *Providence Journal* I saw quoted in journals far away from Providence. Before leaving the city I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. WEEDON, a considerable manufacturer, who is himself an author, and as a thinker on co-operative and social theories has, directly and indirectly by suggestion, caused some wise and valuable works to appear.

In consequence of a passage in the *Providence Journal*, purporting to be a remark of mine at the Conservatory Hall, I sent a note to that paper saying:—

Your reporter has given such an interesting and spirited account of the address I delivered on Sunday morning, at the Rev. Frederic A. Hinckley's Church, that I am reluctant to suggest a single correction, and I do it, not on my own behalf, but that of my friend, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who is at the head of the great movement on behalf of temperance in England. What I said of gingerbeer and sodawater oratory in Parliament related to the predecessor of Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the House of Commons. Sir Wilfrid has entirely the opposite

qualities—he is the first wit who ever represented that cause in Parliament, which needs wit more than any other. Sir Wilfrid has infinite humour both in public and private life, and has made the cause of temperance the most agreeable advocacy in England.

We were all the guests of the Rev. Mr. HINCKLEY for a time, as we had the honour of a reception one evening in his parlour, and a party of no mean interest it was. For myself, I deserved a medal for the number of questions I answered upon co-operation and most other things. Mr. HINCKLEY is himself a preacher whose discourses command admiration and have great public relevance, as their periodic publications show. I owed much to his courtesy in affording me opportunities of speaking to his people which he might more profitably have used himself. A note from Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS saying he would be able to see us in Boston, caused us to leave Providence where we should gladly have lingered longer.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MORNING WITH WENDELL PHILLIPS.—THE AUTHOR OF "BACK TO BACK."—PLEASANT ADVENTURES IN NEW YORK.—AN IRISH EDITOR GOES BACK UPON HIMSELF.—RECEPTION NIGHTS.

One morning Master ALLEN HINCKLEY, son of the rev. gentleman mentioned in the last chapter—a healthy, well-built little fellow, just tall enough to peep over the table—found me alone when he came down, and took the opportunity to ask me a few questions which were on his mind. One was, "How long shall you stay?" "Until Monday," I answered. "Why will you stay until Monday?" he next asked. "Because I like being here," I replied. "Then did you not like being where you were?" was his next question. It was quite a fair inference, though it did not occur to me when I gave the answer I made, that if I stayed where I was because I liked the place, it was possible that I did not like the place I

had left. So I had to explain things further by a question of my own, namely, "Whether Master ALLEN did not like sitting by the stove watching the breakfast being spread; and whether if he went in the evening to a plum cake party, would he not like to stay and see the magic lantern, and thus like staying there without disliking the home he had left?" This made matters clear to the young logician, who was a good specimen of a bright-minded American boy, sensible without being precocious.

My return to Boston was not because I did not like Providence, but because of a welcome note from Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, who was unwell when we passed through Boston—saying he should be glad to see us on our return. My daughter was anxious to see one of whom she had heard so much, and her friend Mrs. LEACH was also accorded that pleasure. His new residence in Common-street (so named from lying by the great common, and affording a view of it), is like the one he occupied so long in Essex-street, and affords aspects such as Mrs. PHILLIPS was there accustomed. Among the gifts of Mr. PHILLIPS was a late profile portrait of himself, preferred by Mrs. PHILLIPS to others. It occupies now an honoured place in the New York Album, of which the reader will meet with an account. It is in my opinion the finest of all the portraits of his later years. Everybody is struck by that commanding head. We spoke of many things, and all too short seemed the golden hours he gave us. Though Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS takes views upon currency, the Irish question, and the candidature of General BUTLER, which I lack the information necessary to enable me to agree with, I still remain of opinion that Mr. PHILLIPS means more that is good when he is wrong than anyone else means when he is right.

One of the pleasures of Boston was to hear the Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, the preacher who wrote the admirable story of "Back to Back," which appeared in the columns of the *Co-operative News*. Mr. HALE has that expression of incessant activity, so characteristic of him, but he has an unwearied voice of great power and compass, which resounded in the large church of which he is minister. Afterwards we (myself, my daughter, and her friend Mrs. LEACH) had the gratification of dining with Mr. and Mrs. HALE, at the "Heights," where we met Mr. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labour, Mr. WEEDON, and others. Mr. HALE is the author of numerous works, remarkable for vigour and popular power,

displaying unusual genius for seeing how much there is of romantic truth in things practical, which are quite unimportant in ordinary eyes. Mr. CARROLL WRIGHT explained to me the disadvantage of having no codification of general law, which should be common to all States. In Massachusetts there are 150 crimes which a person may commit; in the next State there are but 100. A serious social crime, which is a gaol affair in Boston, in another State is a matter of fine only. The effect of this is to unhinge morality, and often to efface the moral sentiment. Mr. WRIGHT discovered to me an important argument in favour of a National Guide Book, by Mr. HOPPIN, of the United States Legation, London, in a State paper, which, but for him, would have remained unknown to me.

The best written papers upon the objects—co-operative, emigrant, and otherwise—in which I was concerned appeared in the *Index*, the *Advertiser*, and the *Transcript*, of Boston. In the latter paper the writer was a lady—Miss HARDAKER I believe. The editors of the *Index* accorded me the use of their office, which was of great advantage to me, as were the many courtesies and hospitalities of Mr. B. F. UNDERWOOD, and not less of Mrs. UNDERWOOD, who, like Mrs. LIVERMORE, appeared to me most engaging representatives of the civil equality of women—prepossessing, unassuming, well-informed. You never thought of their "rights"—you knew they were ladies whom it were mere insolence to regard as unequal to civil duties.

Again it happily fell to me to speak in the Parker Memorial Hall, when the Rev. J. K. APPLEBEE introduced me to the assembly. On another night we were accorded a reception in the parlours of the Parker Hall, which owed its interest largely to the presence of the Rev. E. E. HALE, who suggested consideration of the moral and practical aspects of co-operation.

Though the Hoffman House was alluring to me from its freedom and space, we went this time to the house of my friend, Mr. GEORGE S. M'WATTERS. Madame ERRANI, his daughter, and her husband, Signor ERRANI, the most famous teacher of singing in New York, reside in the same house; Mr. C. EVANS, some time president of the Free Trade Club, and Mrs. EVANS also; so that we had the charm of various society, besides the many personal courtesies of Mr. M'WATTERS, in whose dining-room are more portraits of heroes and sages, journalists and orators of all nations, colours, and

countries than I met with in any other house. There is, I believe, no national portrait gallery in America, and it was an advantage to see a private one.

In New York a letter was delivered to me three years after it was written, from Mr. J. W. A. WRIGHT, whom we had the pleasure to see at our Congress in 1877. He will understand why I was not able to answer it at the time it was sent.

We were driven one day to the Central Park Avenue to see the busts of MAZZINI and BURNS. The bust of MAZZINI is much nobler and more colossal than I expected to find it. BRYANT, the poet, unveiled this memorial of the great Italian. BRYANT was then more than ninety years of age, and met with a fatal accident on returning home.

A friend contemplating erecting a statue of BURNS on the embankment in London from the atelier of the sculptor who executed that in New York, I examined it for him. The statue is imposing, and has dignity. The eyes of the poet are not in fine frenzy rolling, but upturned and fixed. The poet is probably engaged upon his verses "To MARY in Heaven," the expression is not otherwise in BURNS's way.

The *Star* of New York, a well-known Irish organ, as I have already mentioned, said some gracious words of myself and companions on our arrival, and in approval of my object in promoting intelligent facilities of emigration.

"It is not," said the editor, "Ireland alone that is suffering. It is not only four millions of Irish people who are ground down to the dust under the heel of British landlordism. The English peasant and labourer are practically in the same sad and terrible predicament. Every poor man in England is directly involved in this Irish struggle for justice. And English philanthropists, seeing that Irish peasants migrate to America, and in a few years become respected citizens, able not only to support their families, but also able and willing to help to pay the rack-rents British landlords exact of their friends at home, begin to inquire why America is not, after all, the panacea for England's increasing woes. Mr. Holyoake's mission is one of humanity, and the message he will carry back may have an important bearing on the future of thousands of English and Irish families. It is needless to suggest that our working people give him a hearty reception. Our labourers know their friends and are glad to welcome them."

Without any new information, and for no reason, save that the newspapers had announced that Mr. GLADSTONE had accorded £100 towards the expenses incurred by two visits to America, for objects such as the editor of the *Star* himself, had himself very fairly stated on August 26, he wrote as follows on Sept. 2, seven days later:—

It seems, however, that Mr. George Jacob Holyoake has conceived the brilliant idea that the United States may be utilised by the English

nation to rid itself of a surplus population not exactly wanted in the British colonies, and altogether too dangerous to be kept at home; and he has spent some time in preparing a sort of Guide Book, telling how these people can be systematically disposed of for their country's good, and insinuating into their minds various inducements for seeking fame and fortune in this country. His efforts have been so highly appreciated by the present landlord government of England that it has defrayed part of the expense of his work, and has encouraged him to come here to gain information on the ground. According to the hazy, but still not unintelligible, explanations, he has infiltrated through the brains of newspaper reporters, he is here as the spy of English landlords, to find out where the undesirable surplus population of England can be safely dumped, and the country saved from landlord and tenant agitations.

The *Star*, I was told, was Boss KELLY's paper. But he must know better than this. The Government knew nothing of my efforts in 1879 until long after I had made them. I never saw a landlord, English or Irish, upon the subject, and am no more likely to do what the *Star* suspects than the editor of the *Star* himself. A familiar story of HENRY CLAY's tells how a stump orator was one day out west piling up the praises of "Old HICKORY" (DANIEL JACKSON, to whom that stout nickname was given), when a discerning boss near him pulled his coat and said, "Throw in a little Latin, it will heighten the effect." The only bit the speaker knew was the phrase, *sine qua non*. In due course *sine qua non* appeared so frequently in the speech, that a dissentient hearer, seeing the effect it produced, cried out, "What does '*sine qua non*' mean?" Whereupon the boss who had suggested the Latin, knowing the orator was unequal to the demands made upon him, shouted out, "It is the name of a fortress which the British want and Old HICKORY wont let them have," which satisfied everybody. Mr. GLADSTONE'S friendliness to the emigrant was to the *Star* what the fortress of "*Sine qua non*" was to the "Old HICKORY" crowd.

A handsomely printed circular informed New York caring for new subjects, that "Mr. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE will give a free public lecture on 'Co-operation as a Moral Force,' in All Souls' Anthon Memorial Church, West 48th Street, between 6th and 7th Avenues, kindly tendered for the occasion by the rector, Rev. Dr. R. HEBER-NEWTON, on Thursday evening, November 23, at eight o'clock."

The interior of the Anthon Memorial Church is remarkably handsome. Dr. NEWTON did me the honour himself of presenting me to the congregation. Dr. ROBERT COLLYER was one who was present, and spoke after the address. On one occasion I heard Dr. NEWTON preach. It was an oration on

a leading idea, so luminously put that the hearer carried away a conception of it as a distinct addition to his knowledge. The same qualities appear in the popular volume, lately published by Dr. NEWTON, on the "Use and Abuse of the Bible."

Many eminent persons took great trouble (far beyond any merits of mine) in tendering me and my friends a public reception in the parlours of the Co-operative Dress Association, the use of which was offered by the directors, and Mr. PARKE GODWIN accorded me the distinction of presiding.

There were sixty names on the committee of arrangement, including Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, Miss KATE FIELD, Miss MARY AINGE DE VERE, Col. INGERSOLL, Dr. FREDERIC HOLLICK, Rev. Dr. ROBERT COLLYER, Rev. R. HEBER-NEWTON, D.D., Prof. FELIX ADLER, Rev. J. H. RYLANCE. D.D., Mr. B. F. UNDERWOOD, JAS. CHARLTON, Mr. COURTLAND PALMER, and others who are in my mind to cite, did space permit. The Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, Mr. GLEDHILL, and Mr. PERCIVAL, were of the number.

The reception was attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen. At a dinner given to Mr. GEORGE, the tickets were eight or ten dollars, which made it seem to many that "Progress" had got out of "Poverty" at last. The Committee of the Reception concluded that I should prefer something otherwise. Still a very pleasant repast followed the proceedings of the evening. The great speeches were made by Mr. PARKE GODWIN, Dr. ROBERT COLLYER, Rev. HEBER-NEWTON, and Prof. ADLER. Why men so eminent should take an evening from their many engagements to attend this, I could not conceive. I ought to add, that Mr. PERCIVAL was amongst the speakers. Mr. PARKE GODWIN'S speech was reproduced in many papers. He was himself a leader in the most famous and most promising of all the social experiments of our time, and still speaks with enthusiasm of those early dreams, of which he is yet likely to see the realisation.

Miss KATE FIELD was one of the ladies present who has lost none of that grace and vivacity which we knew in London, where she was the charm of all the circles in which she appeared. Miss MARY AINGE DE VERE, one of whose beautiful poems the readers of the *Co-operative News* will remember, was also present, although she had just returned from the White Mountains, where illness had caused her to sojourn.

Before sailing in the "Catalonia," I received from the Reception Committee enumerated a letter which, with many

courtly words, said: "Before you leave America for your home in England, we desire to thank you for your admirable discourse on 'Co-operation as a Moral Force,' your wise counsel in organising an Advisory Co-operative Board, and the opportunity you have afforded many friends to greet you personally."

CHAPTER XXII.

A RUSSIAN INTERVIEWER.—THE LIVE [LOTTA.—AT GARIBALDI'S HOME, STATEN ISLAND.—DINNER BY THE SOCIETY OF ETHICAL CULTURE.—ORATORS AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—NEGLECT OF THE MERMAIDS.

Though I have deliberately forgotten all I could and buried many notes "ten thousand fathoms deep" that they might not confront me, or remind me of further incidents, two or three refuse to quit my memory. One is that the editor of *Truth*—a paper representing the industrial classes, and of considerable popularity in New York—sent to me a young interviewer, a Russian, very prepossessing, and who gave the impression—as many Russians do—of knowing everything. He asked my opinion of most things under the sun. One question was what I thought of Mr. HENRY GEORGE'S book, "Progress and Poverty." I answered with the gaiety of private conversation, which I trusted to him to express in grave terms, that "I thought Mr. GEORGE'S book the bloodiest treatise that had been published in my time." Then I explained to my Russian delegate that this had reference to the effect of the book supposing anybody believed in it and tried to carry its doctrines into practice. The book proposed the confiscation of all property in land, which would involve a wider and fiercer carnage than any the

world had ever seen, or that any tyranny or malignity had before excited. Those who applaud the book must see that it tends to excite and justify the murder of acre owners at every opportunity. Very little appeared of the reasons I gave for the opinion I expressed, but the opinion itself was made pretty prominent in the report. On the night of the co-operative lecture in the Anthon Memorial Church, an honest, pleasant-minded person, well built and well bearded, apparently about 45, came to me at the close and said he owed me personal thanks for the trouble I had taken to procure a publisher for his book in England. I answered that I was glad if I had done him a service, but even then I did not know to whom I had rendered it. "Why, he answered, "I am Mr. GEORGE." "Dear me!" I replied, "how very human you look." "How did you expect me to look?" he inquired. "Well, after the book of ferocious philanthropy with which you favoured us, I thought at least to see you with dirks in your belt and dynamite enough in your boots to blow up Poverty and Progress as well." Mr. GEORGE, in the *Daily News* to-day (January 8), says, "While I have never proposed that in the resumption of the land by the people any individual should be compensated, I have always urged as an indispensable condition that in such a change abundant provision should be made for the helpless of both sexes and all ages," which mitigates but does not deny or atone for the plunder.

One of the things which I did not intend to forget was that Providence was made pleasant to me by meeting again Dr. W. C. RUSSELL and his daughters, who made my visit to the Cornell University so rememberable to me when I was their father's guest there in 1879.

We could never have gone about New York with the pleasant facility we did had it not been for the gift in the latter days, by Mrs. HENRY VILLARD, of her carriage, that we might make some suburban visits. Mr. VILLARD I had known in Europe when he was engaged, singular to say (though I was unaware of it at the time), in promoting the issue by the Social Science Association of Boston, of a National Guide Book. An edition appeared, of which copies are not now to be had. It would have been a great advantage to America had the association persisted in its design. Mr. VILLARD was then the president of the Great Northern and Pacific Railway. I often heard anecdotes of his wonderful enterprise, capacity, and high character. Mrs. VILLARD I found as engaging as when

we knew her in Europe. She is one of the daughters of my valued friend, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and is therefore of honoured and heroic lineage. I had the great satisfaction also of meeting her brother, Mr. GARRISON, at the office of the *Evening Post*. I had never seen one of Mr. GARRISON's sons before.

Of course, we gave one night to LOTTA. She is in England now. Whether her Californian gaities and United States humours will have as much interest on the English stage as British eccentricities do on the American, is not to be said beforehand. She is the only American actress who is racy of the soil. There is nothing like her in America, and there is nothing like her elsewhere. She is the wildest, brightest, maddest thing seen upon any stage. Only an American woman could possibly do what she does. She is never still; she is electric. She represents all the restlessness and excitement in the country. She is everywhere on the stage at once. Ancient playgoers speak of LOTTA as a girl when they first saw her, and she is as much a girl as ever. Only an American woman could possibly live with the animation she displays. She has that amusing levity which is in the American air, which ought to interest the English student of manners. Certainly nothing could outrage us as it must outrage Americans to see Mr. IRVING die in "The Bells," or recite "Eugene Aram." LOTTA never distresses you and makes you wish you had stayed at home.

If we had bright nights we also had bright days, and one ineffaceable day was spent at Staten Island, on a visit to the friend of my student days, Dr. FREDERICK HOLLICK. We were afterwards social missionaries together in the great agitation of which ROBERT OWEN was the head. Dr. HOLLICK drove us everywhere, and showed us everything. We visited the house of Mr. WILLIAM WINTER, a poet and well known critic. We had the pleasure to see Mrs. WINTER and her charming family. We also went to MANTEUCCI'S, with whom GARIBALDI resided when in Staten Island, in whose candle-works he wrought—not, as is often said, as a workman, but as a colleague of his friend, MANTEUCCI, whom he would persist in going to help, because he was a resident in his house. We had refreshment in the gardens of GARIBALDI'S old friend, who still lives, radiant as ever with patriotism. Most of the relics he has of "The General" have been gathered by agents of Italian collections, in memory of their great deliverer. In the gardens where GARIBALDI often sat meditating on the adventures through which he had passed,

and others which he had in his mind to enter upon, we gathered flowers to send to his son MENOTTI, which I still preserve for him, and of which he will learn for the first time in these pages. MANTEUCCI also kindly made bouquets for my daughter and her friend in remembrance of our visit. As far as I could I went up every pathway and over every spot where The General had walked.

The next and last bright night in New York was a dinner given me at the German Club. Professor FELIX ADLER presided. The entertainers were distinguished in music, law, medicine, literature beyond my powers of appreciation. All, or mostly all, were members of the Church of Ethical Culture, of which Dr. ADLER is the founder and preacher. They presented me, in the name of the society, with a costly album, containing fine portraits of the most eminent men in ethics, literature, and oratory, whom I was known to admire. Dr. ADLER made the most poetic and eloquent speech on the part of the entertainers I have heard at any time. He began by telling us of the legend of the sinking of the Nibelungen gold in the Rhine. He who gave it to the great river, predicted that great riches would proceed therefrom. He was but derided for his words and distrusted for his gift, which men said was fallacious and lost. At last, when none expected it, it reappeared in the golden juice of the vine, which grew on the banks of the river laved by the Rhine waters. To this he compared the career of one who, explaining new principles or new methods of progress during long, unregarded days, lives at last, as it were, into a new world, where men are curious to hear what they neglected when first spoken, believing what they then denied, really valuing what they once thought worthless, and not ungrateful for its advantages. The Nibelungen gold was not lost in the Rhine. But no one can relate all this with the grace Dr. ADLER told it.

By the thoughtfulness and exertions of Mr. M'WATTERS, an "American Advisory Co-operative Board" previously named was formed. The Hon. PARKE GODWIN accepted the presidency thereof, the Rev. Dr. J. H. RYLANCE and Mr. JUSTUS O. WOODS, the offices of vice-presidents, and Mr. J. M. PERCIVAL, that of secretary. The Board undertook to promote the object of a National Guide Book of the kind I had advocated, and especially to represent the interests of co-operation. It seemed to me of importance that there should exist in New York an influential board representing these questions, and I could not but regard it as a

valued and unusual compliment that the Board should be constituted with a view to promoting objects I had represented.

The last night in New York (November 28) a fierce cold wind—the precursor of the great snow of the night—swept the streets. Mr. M'WATTERS accompanied me to the Academy of Music, where a meeting was held to raise 250,000 dollars for building a pedestal for the great BERTHOLDI statue. The colossal figure of Liberty enlightening the world, will be 300 feet high, and is the gift of France. It is to stand where every sail approaching the harbour of New York can see the electric torch which Liberty holds up in the air. My object was to hear PARKE GODWIN, with his eloquent and commanding manner of speech (though he is of good age, his voice filled the great hall); and to hear Mr. EVARTS, who presided, whose exact, clear words were also heard everywhere, although in person the speaker seemed as frail as Dr. CHANNING. His lucid statement had gleams of brightness and wit, which enabled me to understand why he is so often chosen as the mouthpiece of the nation on occasions of ceremony or State courtesy. Dr. COLLYER was also one of the selected speakers, but having to sail next morning I was unable to stay until he spoke.

The night was, as I have said, cold as charity when it has been three months in a refrigerator, and the wind was as bitter as the sentences of SCHOPENHAUER; yet when I arrived at the Academy of Music, there I saw my friend PETER COOPER, with whom I had rememberable intercourse in 1879. The brave old philanthropist had come to the meeting on behalf of the BERTHOLDI statue, on that inclement night, although he was then in his ninety-third year. He has died since, and the reader may see a fine portrait of him in the *Century* for January 1884.

Before we left we had a farewell visit from Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON. Notwithstanding the growing inclemency of the weather, she gave us that gladness, and the bright faces which greeted us on our arrival shone on our departure.

As I have recounted, we had four days of steady wind storm on our return. SHAKSPERE tells us that—

> Mermaids on a dolphin's back
> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
> That the rude sea grows civil at her song.

During these four days, I judge, the mermaids were not out, and though we saw dolphins at other times on shore and quite disengaged, no mermaids appeared upon them, and sang, nor was the sea civil. When we arrived at the bar of the Mersey

we concluded we were safe. This was not conclusive, for we were detained owing to tide and fog near thirty hours on the spot where the "City of Brussels" was soon after run into. We were afraid of running down another ship; it did not occur to us that this might happen to ours. Two American ships lying about pushed forward, but not without sustaining mischief, and incurring the risk of doing it. Our prudent captain avoided both. The two adventurous vessels arrived immediately before us, when the second had to wait while the cargo of the first was examined in the Custom House; and the third had to wait while the same operation was undergone with the cargo of the second ship. Thus, after twenty-eight hours in the fireless fog at the bar, we had to wander about in the frost and snow more than two hours. This was owing to the eminent city of Liverpool being without a Custom House with compartments in which several vessels could deposit the freight of passengers simultaneously, and be simultaneously examined and discharged. If Liverpool is too poor to do this, no doubt New York would make a subscription to defray the expense.

Our friend Mr. FRASER, of Liverpool, whose kindness was proof against delay and discomfort, was all day on the foodless, fireless, tender to meet us, which was groping about in the fog, for the "Catalonia." For some days we were the guests of Mr. THOS. COPE, while the frost of the Mersey thawed from us, and who generously arranged for our return to London in a new saloon carriage which I had not before seen, in which cold or discomfort was impossible.

It is the old English carpenter-chest railway car which has stopped the art of conversation among us. An English railway carriage is but a carpenter's-chest, or large packing-case, with two shelves in it, named seats, just to induce people to take tickets to occupy them. A lady, seeing a gentleman in a carriage will not join him, nor speak, if she does, lest it should be taken amiss; and a gentleman is reticent, lest speech should be regarded as a familiarity. When the new saloon carriages of the London and North-Western Railway become general, the lost art of conversation will be recovered. More ingenious in construction and richer in fittings than American carriages, they admit both of privacy to those who desire it, and company to those who prefer it. It was a matter of pride to find the Old Country, on returning to it, excelling in the contrivances of graceful locomotion, of which it must be owned America set the example.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.—NEW YORK IDEAS OF CO-OPERATION.—AMERICAN INSTANCES.—STORY OF THE HARVARD STORE.

In courtesy I must pause before describing "American Ideas of Co-operation," to say a few words to the Editor of the *British Temperance Advocate*, who, considering that "the best portion of our working men" read the *Co-operative News*, devotes a page to controverting what I am supposed to have said in this narrative concerning "Prohibition in Kansas." Mr. BAMFORD kindly forwards me a copy of that journal sent to him for me to see. Nothing more curious than so much as relates to me has been written since the flood. The Editor of this *Temperance Advocate* himself says, "We do not believe ourselves that Mr. HOLYOAKE's statement has any real or solid foundation." The curious thing is, I never made the "statement." He again says, "First of all, we will give Mr. HOLYOAKE's words." My answer is, I never wrote any. At the request of the *Advocate*, Mr. A. M. POWELL, of New York, writes a letter which purports to be an answer to "Mr. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE's account of prohibition in Kansas." I never gave any account of it. The *Advocate* publishes a second letter from Mr. JOHN P. ST. JOHN, Ex-Governor of Kansas. This gentleman also represents me as "conspiring to break the prohibitive law, and encouraging others to violate it," and ends with this amusing passage: "The trouble, I fear, with Mr. HOLYOAKE is, he does not desire the success of prohibition, but it will succeed despite his acknowledged efforts to prevent it." I neither made, nor thought of making, nor desired to make, any "effort to prevent it." Yet this strange passage represents me as being so interested against prohibition that the faculty of truth is on strike in my mind, and that I am not merely a reporter but an inventor of facts against prohibition. There are gentlemen in Topeka who, had they been consulted, could have informed the ex-governor better. I went to the State

House in that city, in the hope of meeting Mr. St. JOHN, and have pleasant recollections of the many courtesies received there. Unfortunately the ex-governor was away. I did not go to America to study prohibition. I never made any inquiry about it from any human being, and I should have thought it presumption and bad taste to have given any opinion upon the laws and character of the people of a great State where I neither had, nor could have, personal knowledge or experience. I heard Governor St. JOHN spoken of highly, and if the editor of the *Temperance Advocate* did not vouch that Mr. St. JOHN has written the letter he prints I should not believe it; it is so unusual for a gentleman of his rank to write without verifying the alleged facts he was writing about. Not one of the statements ascribed to me are mine, they are my friend, Mr. CHARLTON'S, and they purport to be his. It is Mr. CHARLTON'S itinerary, which was printed in smaller type showing that it was not part of my narrative. It was included in my story, because he gave more accurate geographical and historic accounts than I could of the principal scenes through which we passed together. His own opinion on any incidental question, as that of prohibition in Kansas, has an authority to which no statement of mine could pretend, he having had thirty years responsible management of great railways in Canada and America, and knowing the life of the people as no private person could. He has a clear answer to the Editor of the *Advocate* and Governor ST. JOHN. Being, like myself, a life-long friend of temperance, he is no more likely than I am to invent testimony against it, though, like myself, he may not believe that prohibition is temperance.

My first words in the Anthon Memorial Church were that "the best way to advance co-operation in America was not to attempt it—that is, with the ideas prevalent concerning it." Within the period of my first visit, in 1879, several attempts have been made in New York, in which the expense of maintaining the stores was defrayed, not from the profits of custom, but from capital. The members who subscribed it were not pledged to make their own purchases at the stores at the peril of losing their shares. The dependence for business was upon the general public, who had no motive for buying at the co-operative shop rather than any other. There appears to have been little local propagandism of the principle of co-operation in the neighbourhood previous to opening the store—making converts who would become purchasers. A small outlay of

loan capital at the beginning, leaving the growth of the store to depend upon profits created by purchasers, has not yet entered into the American mind. On this plan failure would bring no disaster and no shame, and the experiment could be repeated in another neighbourhood where better chances of success were present. English success, I explained, was brought about by setting the purchaser above the stockholder (shareholder is the English term). It was that device which first made the stores grow.

HORACE GREELEY, founder of the *New York Tribune*, understood all about co-operation. He was the only master of the question among American public men. In previous writings I have quoted evidence from his pen of this. While in America, last year, a *Tribune* was shown me of April 10, 1867, in which the Editor reviewed my "History of Co-operation in Halifax," which, he told his readers, "was no less interesting than the account of co-operation in Rochdale noticed in the *Tribune* years ago;" and added, "if any publisher in this city will reprint Mr. HOLYOAKE'S pamphlet ("History of the Halifax Stores") we shall be glad to give him our copy." This was a very practical proof of interest in it. No one in England—not even the great Store itself, to which I had devoted time and trouble to write its history—took as much interest as this. Yet the career of co-operation in Halifax is as remarkable in incident as the career of Rochdale.

Co-operation, I maintained everywhere was now, as in the beginning, the precursor of self-supporting—not State supported—communism. In the end capital, accumulated by economy, would carry out what philanthropy fails in: only social life will not begin by having "all things in common." It will end that way. Co-operation, I said, was a scheme for the redistribution of property without dynamite or petroleum, by taking care that property created in the future, should come into the hands of those whose industry shall produce it.

Co-operation is not a philanthropy, nor a new scheme of benevolence, nor a form of Utopian sentimentality, but a business, which has to pay like any other business. But it is a business saddled with morality. That is why few people touch it. Co-operation is not an emotional contrivance for helping others; it is a manly contrivance for enabling others to help themselves; and as half the world want to be helped by somebody else, co-operation is not popular—except among the independent and industrious.

With the view of giving to New York State-aid-seeking

socialists an idea of the practical success of this device of self-help, I said—"There is Mr. JOHN GLEDHILL, our first purchaser in this country, he has lately been elected one of the Board of Managers of the New York Produce Exchange; that means known capacity of business usefulness. He has been joined in his English work by Mr. J. M. PERCIVAL, who has been concerned in co-operation from its origin. They buy American produce for us in England, to the amount of $2,000,000 a year. In Ireland we have several buyers, who purchase $5,000,000 of butter and eggs. From the continent of Europe we import $5,000,000 worth of butter, eggs, flour, and other produce. The two buying societies of England and Scotland purchase commodities to the amount of $25,000,000, for which they pay cash. Besides these two buying societies we have in England and Scotland from 1,200 to 1,500 societies who turn over $100,000,000 annually, nearly all of which is paid for over the counter."

In Pontiac County there is a new paper announced, to be called the *Equity*. It has no relation to co-operation, but it has the true name of it. Colonel JOHNSON told me that down in Kansas and New Mexico a form of simple co-operation prevailed of this kind. Persons who had no lands, and, perhaps, little knowledge of breeding, bought flocks, and consigned them to a farmer who had lands but little or no stock. He reared, grazed, and attended to the increase of the stock, he taking half the lambs and half the wool for his pains, and the other halves go to the stockowners.

The Philadelphia Industrial Co-operative Society is apparently the most important in America. It has four stores in the city and four branch stores elsewhere. Its thirty-second quarterly report declared a dividend of 6 per cent, which was described as lower than their average. The society has no educational fund. This is probably because an education fund is not needed in America, where everybody is so wise that they have nothing to learn. No society which has had one, ever gives it up; no society which begins without it ever goes back to it. Those who live in the dark are subject to diseases as are those who live in cellars. There is an intellectual smallpox, as well as a bodily one, and the ignorant are very subject to it, and have it very badly. There is an art association, though it has no literature.

The students of Harvard University have set up what they call a co-operative society, which is simply a civil service store for buying cheap and selling at cost price. This is very

useful as far as it goes, but is not teaching thrift to the students, which is a personal virtue, so long as there is remedial misery in the world. The virtue of wise thrift is much needed in American families, among well-to-do, more than among ill-to-do persons, who often have too little to save any. Here is the story of Harvard co-operation, as told in the *New York Tribune*:—

Cambridge is not the university town where one would expect to find students making a systematic effort to live economically. The average expenditures at Harvard have been higher than at any other American college, and the students have of late years been conspicuous for extravagance of dress and luxurious tastes. Yet a co-operative society has been formed at Cambridge. It was organised last spring at a mass-meeting of the Faculty and students of all the departments of the university. A superintendent was appointed, a counter in a store in Harvard-square was hired, a small stock of stationery and other articles was bought, and an order book for the purchase of books, general goods and college supplies was opened. The Board of Fellows evinced their approval of the undertaking by allowing the society to use the old gymnasium opposite Memorial Hall as a salesroom. The membership rapidly increased after the enterprise had been sanctioned by the college authorities. A strong impetus was given to the movement by the advantageous arrangement made with a series of reputable Boston firms, whereby students received a heavy discount on presenting a certificate of membership and paying cash. The society became a college institution. The membership now exceeds 700.

Each member pays an annual fee of two dollars; the current expenses are met in this way; no dividends are declared; and the advantage of lower prices and trade discounts is enjoyed only by members of the society. Articles purchased at wholesale are sold at a very slight percentage above cost, a margin being necessary as a small stock has to be carried from term to term. In addition to the goods kept in stock an order-book is always open for the purchase of books, coal, wood, furniture, clothing, and many other articles, the purchaser having the advantage of wholesale rates, with a small commission added in some instances. The discounts allowed by the "affiliated tradesmen," especially tailors, are very large. Arrangements are also made for the purchase and sale of second-hand books, pictures, and furniture, so that outgoing seniors and incoming freshmen are equally protected against loss and extortion. These second-hand goods are sold on commission, and graduates in any department are spared the annoyance of disposing of their superfluous possessions.

This is not the first co-operative experiment which has been made in an American college, but it is the only one which has been completely worked out in practical details.

This is a very interesting story, which has never been told before. But as this is described as "co-operation" in a leading journal, what idea can the American people have of it? The English meaning of the term must be unknown to them. True, we call the same kind of thing "co-operation" in England, but everybody knows the difference between the London and Rochdale conception of it. This Harvard co-operation is an

inadequate form of it for professors and students to be concerned in. It misses the morality of co-operation, and does nothing to amend the veracity of what Lord TENNYSON calls "the giant liar—Trade." How can it be expected that co-operation—which is designed to save money for the purchaser—can be popular in a country where they establish protection laws to render commodities dear?

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW THE CO-OPERATIVE DRESS ASSOCIATION CAME TO FAIL.— WILD IDEAS OF CO-OPERATIVE WORKSHOPS.

The Co-operative Dress Association in New York occupied the whole of a lofty and splendid building. The stock in the rooms showed both affluence and splendour. There were real co-operative features about the place. Its cafe was well devised and its provisions were good. Soon after I saw it, word went over the land and the water also—for the news appeared in English newspapers—that "Co-operation had failed again." The *New York Tribune*, which remains the best exponent of co-operative principle (of which it never loses sight) in America, at once explained the career of this association which ought to be widely read, not merely in the United States, but in Europe. The story of the *Tribune* will be useful in England. It is as follows:—

The failure of the Co-operative Dress Association has been ascribed to various causes, such as want of sufficient capital, incompetency of the foreign buyer, bad choice in the selection of a name, improvident management, and disagreements of officers. It is fortunate that defalcation is not found in the list of assignable causes of the disaster. The only thing quite certain is, that a paid-up capital of $250,000 has been lost, and lost honestly, in the space of about eighteen months.

The association—we speak without disrespect for its founders and promoters—was a foredoomed failure from its beginning. It was not

based upon the principles of co-operation, but upon those of competition. It was a joint-stock, competitive dry goods and millinery store, differing in nowise from other dry goods and millinery stores, except as its ownership was scattered among some hundreds of persons who gave no attention to its affairs, and its management was in the hands of either hired persons or inexperienced persons, and was a shifting management at that. There is no trade so largely dependent upon acquired skill and individual responsibility as the trade in ladies' dress goods. There is none so beset with the vicissitudes of fashion and caprice, and none, therefore, which requires such quickness of vision and firmness of nerve to meet exigencies. The grocer knows that sugar and tea and coffee and butter and eggs will always be in demand at prices something above the cost of production. The dry goods merchant never knows whether the articles on his shelves to-day will bring as much six months hence as they have cost him. Some will bring more and some less, and his success or failure depends upon his ability to get rid of the whole lot at an average profit, and keep his stock so full all the time that his customers shall have little or no occasion to go elsewhere to find what they want. The most eminent professor of this art in the United States was the late A. T. Stewart, but Mr. Stewart's skill was an acquirement, a growth, an accretion of forty-years' development, and in no sense a divination.

For these reasons the Dress Association was destined to certain failure, and it is matter for congratulation rather than regret that the capital was only $250,000. If it had been twice as large it might have lasted twice as long, but would have ended in the same way. It may be added that if want of capital was the cause of the failure, it is another and signal commentary on the badness of the management, since more capital was offered in the beginning than was accepted, and a large sum was returned to subscribers after it had actually been paid in. This error, if it be one, is ascribed to the London expert in joint-stock store-keeping who was brought here to set the machinery going, and who of course brought with him only London experience, which is a very different thing from New York experience. If Mr. Pulbrook, an early manager, was wrong, those who brought him here were still more so.

This is a very instructive account. When it is added that "6,000 leading men and women throughout the country were the holders of its capital" any reader can see how large a number of persons were interested in co-operation, and how great a pity it was that they should have reason to distrust it.

Mr. JOSEPH MEDHILL, proprietor of the *Chicago Tribune*, to whom reference has already been made, on giving evidence before the Senate Sub-committee on Labour and Education, thus spoke on "Co-operation as a Labour Remedy," which shows that the policy of associative production is no better understood in America than distributive:—

"At one time," Mr. Medhill said, "co-operation was hopefully regarded as the solution of the capital and labour contention, but after many trials and failures its advocates are becoming discouraged, and it is fading out as a feasible remedy for the ills of labour. Certain obstacles deeply grounded in human nature are encountered. The

fundamental idea was to pay the workmen the full market price for their labour, regardless of the question of profit and loss by the manufacturer, and if the works made any profit over interest on capital, to divide it with the operatives; but if the factory lost money then let the stockholders stand it. The trouble was to find capitalists who were willing to invest their money on these terms, as the final outcome pretty certainly led to bankruptcy. Where the experiment was tried it was found that the workmen themselves soon became dissatisfied with the results of co-operation. If the mill made losses, or small dividends, they found fault with the management, or suspected its honesty, and appointed committees of investigation who quarreled with the owners. Disputes also arose as to who should be discharged in dull times, and about wages when the shop was not finding ready sales for its wares. Another source of discontent was the payment of equal wages and equal dividends to inferior or negligent workmen, who manifestly did not earn their money in the eyes of the better workmen, and thus reduced the profits and dividends of the establishment. On the old plan the trades-union lodge insist that all workmen shall be paid alike, regardless of skill or value of service, as the loss from unfaithful or deficient work falls on the employer alone. Many other causes of weakness and disintegration manifested themselves; but probably the worst of all was the ignorance of the foreign workmen, which bred suspicion, destroyed confidence, and rendered harmony and steady united effort of worker and employer impossible. The co-operative experiments have therefore all failed, except in a few cases where the conditions happened to be peculiarly favourable. When these people are better educated in the future, and both sides have studied the subject more thoroughly, co-operation may succeed, to some extent, at least. Till then we must wait and hope."

The wildness of idea which pervaded these efforts at co-operative partnerships would be incredible on any authority less than Mr. MEDHILL'S. No wonder they all failed. The wonder would be if they succeeded. Associative education, indeed common sense, is widely wanted if the mad tricks Mr. MEDHILL describes were ever devices of co-operation.

My impression is that there is more associative literature in America than in England. There is less co-operative practice, owing to the impetuosity of the people, which never pauses long enough to succeed in it. Of community life, to which co-operation is intended to lead, there is far more in America than here, and far more books and publications concerning it. The first co-operative book of mine which appeared in America was published by SAMUEL LEAVITT. He has sent me a book of his own, one of several of which he is the author, entitled, "Peacemaker Grange." The subject is really "co-operative living and working;" it contains the illustrations of the Familistère of Guise—from *Harper's Monthly*—very interesting illustrations they are.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TERM "SETTLER."—EMIGRANT TRAINING.—THE FACTORY TOWN AND THE PRAIRIE.—DISTRIBUTION OF PEOPLE AS WELL AS PROFITS.—JOURNALS IN DOUBT.—OBJECTS OF THE AUTHOR STATED.—A SUGGESTIVE LETTER.

The term settler is a better one to use than emigrant. The emigrant is one who moves from one place to another. Sometimes he is made to move, in that sense the word is not attractive. It is generally understood that an emigrant is one who not only leaves one country for another, but leaves it of his own motion and with the intention of trying his fortune in another land. The term settler implies an emigrant with a defined object—that of establishing a home elsewhere—not merely of seeking some fortune and of seeing if anything will turn up. The settler has a settled purpose; he intends not so much seeking a fortune, his purpose is to make it. And he who means to be a settler takes precautions and makes preparation to that end. He provides himself with some capital as far as he can, gets all the knowledge he can of where he is going, and acquires as far as he can the habits of the life he intends to lead. The settler needs training more than the soldier. The soldier has officers to keep him up to the mark—the resources of the settler are commonly in himself alone. The more I know of emigration the more important seems to me the training of intending settlers. Isolated emigration ought to be superseded by co-operative colonies. Then emigration would be enterprise without dreariness or peril. What intrinsic charm settling in the country has to hopeless workmen in the "Factory Town," my friend, the late ERNEST JONES, vividly described in his poem under that name:—

The night had sunk along the city,
It was a bleak and cheerless hour;
The wild winds sang their solemn ditty
To cold grey wall and blackened tower.

The factories gave forth lurid fires
From pent-up hells within their breasts;
E'en Etna's burning wrath expires,
But *man's* volcanoes never rest.

. . . . . .

One fresh touch of dewy grasses,
Just to cool the shrivelled hand!
Just to catch one breeze that passes
From some shady forest land.

Hear ye not the secret sighing?
And the tear drop thro' the night?
See ye not a nation dying
For want of rest, and air and light?

. . . . . .

Take us back to lea and wildwood,
Back to nature and to thee!
To the child restore his childhood—
To the man his dignity!

Had the poet been an emigrant he had altered this song. "Dewy grass" is very scarce where the sun scorches. Malaria lurks in the "shady forest land." The "lea" is very bleak, and the "wildwood" wants lots of chopping. Instead of the "child" getting "childhood" it gets the fever, and "man's dignity" is stretched in a shroud of buffalo grass. The successful settler gets all the blessed change the poet sings of; but in other cases the prairie has its horrors as well as the "Factory Town."

Mr. W. F. Munro, some time ago agent in Glasgow of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has shown in his "Emigration Made Easy"* how simply and easily concerted emigration is possible. Associative emigration is the thing. The want of knowledge by settlers is apparent in ways unnoticed. Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, mentioned to me at Santa Fé, that the "Guide Book of Illinois," forty years ago described Kansas as barren, save as to buffalo grass, which was then regarded as a sign of infertility. It is only of late years that the settler has found better information. The truth is, people in America need information about the country in which they live. New York, or Philadelphia, needs a guide book as much as London or Manchester, and emigrant education also. America needs to clear her crowded cities as much as we do in England. It is mere inattention which regards a guide book as being of mere European use. The distribution of population is as much a social necessity as the diffusion of wealth. Everywhere both people and profits want spreading about. While I was abroad, the *Inter-Ocean*, of Chicago, corrected misapprehensions, as it held them to be, of the *Chicago Times*, concerning Dacota. It is clear that were the facts made known, this perplexing dubiety

* Macrone and Co., 28, St. Enoch-square, Glasgow.

of knowledge would cease. The *Times*, if I remember rightly, adduced the authority of the Government surveyor, who declared Dacota to be a "rainless desert," which is all the while a prodigy of fertility.

The *St. Louis Republican*, writing of the "Kind of Immigration Wanted" (Feb. 11, 1883), said:—

Mr. Holyoake is the energetic Englishman who is acting so vigorously to develop practical results from the theory of Lord Derby and Mr. Samuel Smith, that it is worth while for England to spend millions on emigration. He has found great difficulty in obtaining reliable information which would warrant a conscientious man in sending emigrants from their native shores to begin life in strange lands. In order to provide emigrants with means of being intelligent, Mr. Holyoake has travelled widely in America, communicating especially with the national and local authorities in the United States and Canada, and seeking to enlist them in his work.

The *New York Tribune*, to which, as in 1879, the public were indebted for accurate accounts of the object of these travels, contained (Oct. 30, 1883) the following passage;—

As will be seen from one of our Washington dispatches, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake's recent tour in the West to collect information for the benefit of Europeans who have had more than they want of their own country, has been attended with satisfactory results. Whether it is desirable or not to incite immigration, it cannot be prevented; and it is better that it should be wisely directed than be left as it now is, to suffer from misdirection or no direction. If the fact that this is no country for men who do not want to work had been properly made known abroad, perhaps a good many undesirable people would not have inflicted themselves upon us.

Mr. E. R. Russell, the editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post* (Eng.) gave (April 26, 1883) his impressions of lectures delivered in that city by me, which will inform the reader on better authority than my own, the nature and conditions of that emigration which alone I depict as useful where it becomes necessary. Mr. Russell says:—

Many may suppose that Mr. Holyoake is simply preaching up emigration. But this is a mistaken idea. Mr. Holyoake travels half over the world, and has secured considerable assistance and semi-official authority from Her Majesty's ministers not to advise or promote or facilitate emigration, but to advise, promote, and facilitate that previous education without which emigration is likely to be to large numbers of emigrants, if not a trap and a deceit, at least a disappointment. Mr. Holyoake starts with the postulate that a vast proportion of the next and following generations will have to emigrate. His next postulate is that weavers, tailors, and other men following comparatively sedentary and inactive occupations, cannot make a good thing of emigration if they are suddenly plumped down into the midst of eligible but unreclaimed land, without any idea how land should be reclaimed. This is only one instance of a hundred variations of incompetency owing to unpreparedness which must occur if emigrants are to be encouraged

to go out without previous teaching and information. Mr. Holyoake's third postulate, we should say, would be that comparatively little can be done to prepare persons who have actually made up their minds to emigrate. But, fourthly, he will say, and does say, that every means, direct and indirect, should be taken to familiarise the people, and especially the young, not merely with emigration and the countries to which people emigrate, but with ideas and images and experiences of travel, adventure, and enterprise in new lands.

If Mr. Holyoake were for England that education minister who, in France, said that, by touching a bell, he could ascertain what reading lesson was that moment being gone through by every class of boys in the country, he would, we imagine, require a very great proportion of the reading lessons to be such as would give young people a predilection for out-door life, for agricultural pursuits, for land clearing, for the rearing of farm animals, and for all the pursuits which must be followed in order to get a livelihood, and to save money in a new country. This ought to be a very fruitful idea. It is one upon which Lord Derby himself, as Colonial Secretary, might make a very telling speech in his best and most interesting vein. And it is one Mr. Holyoake . . . ought to freely encourage and help to carry out. Fortunately, whoever does this efficiently will have the hearty sympathy of the colonial authorities everywhere, and there is every prospect of his striking the imagination of the common people in a manner that will long continue to bear good fruit.

In these two final chapters I bring together the best judgments given me upon the subject on which I write. Mr. J. S. PODE, to whom I addressed some inquiries, and who had real experience as a settler, wrote me a letter of so much practical sagacity, that to quote it will be instructive in a high degree to settlers and friends of settlers who are unaware how many considerations are involved in land choosing in a strange country. Mr. PODE thought I was land buying, and might not be aware that however I might consult an agent, I ought to be in a position finally to depend upon myself in my choice, and, therefore, kindly wrote to me thus:—

If the land agent who might be endeavouring to sell you land was worth his salt, no amount of questioning would avail you. Satisfy yourself, then, as to the actual production of the district you are visiting, for as long a period as you can get at, and take the average. There may be districts where twenty-eight to thirty-five bushels of wheat may be grown to the acre. This would be set down by vendors as the average of the State or territory. It is essential to find out how long it will be from the time of breaking the sod, before a fair crop of grain may be looked for. If a farmer has to wait three years before he gets a paying crop, he will want a large capital at his back. It is essential to learn what the price of wheat is on the ground (not in the Chicago market), as soon as the grain is thrashed. A farmer gets sick of laying out money, and may not be able to wait for his grain to get to market and the money to come back. I have seen excellent wheat that could not find a purchaser at 25s. a bushel. I do not know how it is in Canada, but in the States there is published once a

year—if not more—a list of defaulters in their land tax. This is published in the local newspaper. Examine it closely. If the list is a long one, you don't want any land in that district. The vendors will pay their rates if the land is worth cultivating. My advice is, of course, don't let anybody you know buy land, until they have passed a winter in the neighbourhood. Let them hire themselves out for their board and lodging. After they have tried a winter, let them hire a farm on shares—always keeping enough money in hand to pay their passage back to England—by that time, anyone who is not a fool will see how the cat jumps. Be careful of the railway lands; their titles are often insecure. Besides, they are only granted alternate sections, and the other sections which are not theirs, are just as good land, and are naturally to be had cheaper. The bankers of any district can give you the best information; but it is doubtful if they will, for they hold mortgages on most of the land, and are, of course, anxious that purchasers should enable them to realise their securities. Of course if the region you cast your eye upon is a virgin one, information must be sought at the nearest inhabited place. There is one more point and an important one. Find out, if possible, whether during the month of August there is a week or ten days wet weather. I have noticed that a "wet spell" occurs annually about the middle of harvest. It was certainly so in Minnesota, and may not be confined to that State.

A poetess, ELIZA COOKE, sings of that unseeing enthusiasm which is always popular, because it is unhampered by conditions:—

The hills have been high for man's mounting,
  The woods have been dense for his axe,
The stars have been thick for his counting,
  The sands have been wide for his tracks,
The sea has been deep for his diving,
  The poles have been wide for his way;
But bravely he's proved, in his striving,
  That where there's a will there's a way.

What is left out is the fact that much excellent "will" is blind, and sees no way. Many men have the fine will of progress and die in it. It is to enable them to find out the way with less peril than heretofore that these chapters have been written.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ATMOSPHERIC ENERGY.—MYSTERIOUS PARCELS.—AN INCIDENTAL REQUEST.—SMART MEN.—GENEROSITY OF PROTECTIONISTS.—THREE POETS IN FAVOUR OF IT.—SINGULAR NOTICE ISSUED BY MR. DICKENS IN AMERICA.

There is, undoubtedly, a dash of dare-devilism in the air of America. Its ozone does excite somewhat the bucolic imagination of damp Europe. If Montezuma's fires burned now in the silent recesses of Mexico, a speculator would run up against it and upset it. Travellers get to think less of danger; they see so many people running into it for amusement. The air inflates the mind, nothing else accounts for the expansion of the truth, so manifest in popular speech; yet artists in exaggerations and incongruities, like ARTEMUS WARD and JOSH BILLINGS, never mislead you. The sparkles of their extravagances are like the tail of the comet, you never mistake it for the head—it merely makes you look at the head all the more, while the unskilled observer so confuses fact and fancy, that you never know where fact ends and fancy begins.

One day I had a communication from the treasurer of FRANK LESLIE'S paper, saying that shortly after I left America, in 1879, they had received two registered parcels from San Francisco. Supposing they might contain some valuables (at least some gold nuggets), they hesitated to forward them to Europe lest they should be lost, and kindly kept them locked up for me until my return. When the precious and portentous parcels were obtained and opened with suppressed trepidation, they were found to contain particulars of some land in California the writer wanted to dispose of. My friends had spoken to me of the existence of this mysterious deposit, kept so honourably and so long in store for me. They surmised that good fortune had at length befallen me, and that I ought to have come over earlier to get it. I cannot say that the parcels were really opened with palpitating heart. Experience has saved me from tumults of expectancy; never having had occasion for excitement of that nature, I had less

curiosity than my friend (who procured the packets for me) as to what they contained. But the sterility of its enclosure was far below even my anticipation, and we were all rewarded by laughter.

As a rule, speculative inquirers do not lose things for want of asking for. An agent, of whom I knew nothing, engaged my attention by apparently taking a friendly interest in me, and ending by asking me to be good enough to give him 500 addresses of friends of mine, to whom he might send an important communication he had to make. I could not remember 500 friends at once. He is a lucky man who can remember fifty, and it would take me a day to write out the names and addressess of the 500 friends if I had them. It is all very well to ask when need warrants, but not to over-ask. Whether this was an American or imported habit, I did not discern; and it would be silly to impute to a people what might be but a peculiarity of a few—and they, peradventure, not indigenous inquisitors and acquisitors.

America has honest people in it, as honest and self-denying as any in England—still among those who have flocked to its shores are many who never gave honesty a fair trial in Europe, and have gone there under the impression that they can do entirely without it in that country. Among those who, with generous negligence, America permits to debouch upon their shores are escaped convicts, forgers, or murderers. There is assassination in the blood of many of the children and in grown up people. You often hear the accent of petty larceny in the phrases of what are called "smart" men.

Of Protection I said nothing save to express my respect for the forbearance of manufacturers and merchants, who might double their charges since there is a general belief among the working class that the more they pay for the commodities they require the richer they get. With this virgin soil of credulity to work upon all tariffs might be doubled. The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who has fine, piercing, secular eyes, says that the high tariff almost entirely releases wealth from taxation, and lays most of the burden on the labouring classes. But this is no concern of Englishmen. It is indeed a compliment to us that they who fear no soldier and covet no monarchy, fear competition with English workmen, who, though trained under the crown, are more than a match for these sons of the Republic. Experience and thought among working people can alone reform the theory of protection. It will be sustained so long as

the masses believe that the country "can be taxed into prosperity," as GOLDWIN SMITH puts it. They cannot under that opinion do better than keep Protection up. Manufacturers and dealers have no motive and no interest to teach them better. Free trade can make no impression on masters of production; the persons to be addressed are the toiling consumers. Mr. T. B. POTTER and the Cobden Club should give their attention to them. Protection increases their wages 10 per cent, and charges them 300 per cent more for things of comfort. They are as bad or worse in point of sense than the English workmen in the old days, who were always ready to cheer their "betters," who robbed them of a pound and gave them twopence back. Nevertheless, the Protectionists are generous for they might give only a penny back, and the American and Canadian workmen would still feel under enthusiastic obligation to them for the two cents, in exchange for the three hundred clandestinely extracted from their earnings.

When in Boston I went to the best Bible store I could find or be directed to, to purchase a copy of the apocryphal books of the Old Testament. In a church where I had to make a discourse, I wanted to read the dialogue between the prophet ESDRAS and the angel URIEL. The only copy I could obtain was on poor, thin paper; of small, almost invisible print, and meanly bound. The price was 4s. 2d. "How is it," I inquired, "that you ask so much in the Hub of Universe for even this indifferent portion of scripture—seeing that at the House of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, in Northumberland-avenue, London, a house ten times handsomer than yours, in a much more costly situation—I can buy the same book on good, strong paper, in large type, in a bright, substantial cover for exactly 3s. less than you ask me." "You see, sir," said the manager of the store, "we have duty to pay." "Duty," I exclaimed. "Do you mean me to understand that in this land of Puritan Christians, you tax the means of salvation?" He did not like to admit that, and could not deny it, so after a confused moment he answered: "All books imported have to pay 25 per cent duty." All I could say was that "it seemed to me that their protective duties protected sin; and, being interested in the welfare of emigrants, I must make a note counselling them who wish to be converted, to get that done before coming out; for if they arrived in America in an unconverted state they could not afford to be converted here." I was

quite unprepared to find the Bible protected from being read in Boston.

It must in justice to the working class be confessed that there are three men of mark among the educated class who have their faith in the virtues of protection. On February 17, 1883, a petition was presented to the Senate, praying that the duty upon books imported should remain at 25 per cent, which petition bore the signatures of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JOHN G. WHITTIER, and T. B. ALDRICH. Their reasons for taxing books were (1) that America should not be flooded with cheap books, (2) that the minds of Americans, and especially of American children, should not be perverted by foreign ideas. It seems incredible that such a document as this could bear such honoured signatures. We honour in England, WHITTIER, and HOLMES, and ALDRICH. Do they think it would be well that we should protect the "minds of Englishmen, and especially of English children, from being perverted by [their] foreign ideas." We have as large a stock of native ideas on hand as America has, and can as well subsist without importing theirs as they can without importing ours.

Yet these eminent terrorists, who take alarm at our "perverting" ideas, are not without generous sentiments of regard for us. One of them, Mr. T. B. ALDRICH, has lately published the following lines on England, which echoes the disinterested regard which reverberates in millions of American hearts:—

> While men pay reverence to mighty things,
> They must revere thee, thou blue-cinctured isle
> Of England—not to-day, but this long while
> In the front of nations, mother of great kings,
> Soldiers and poets. Round thee the sea flings
> His steel-bright arm, and shields thee from the guile
> And hurt of France. Secure, with august smile,
> Thou sittest, and the East its tribute brings.
> Some say thy old-time power is on the wane,
> Thy moon of grandeur, filled, contracts at length—
> They see it darkening down from less to less.
> Let but a hostile hand make threat again,
> And they shall see thee in thy ancient strength,
> Each iron sinew quivering, lioness!

When Mr. DICKENS was last in America, the *Boston Advertiser* printed the following intimation from Mr. GEORGE DOLBY, Mr. DICKENS's agent:—"It is Mr. DICKENS's invariable custom, when giving public readings, to devote himself entirely to it as a business, and to accept no friendly invitations which

would tend to take up his time and distract his attention. It is quite likely that he will feel compelled to pursue the same course in America, and to decline without exception the offers of hospitality which will undoubtedly be extended to him from all sides. This is, perhaps, unfortunate, for—not to speak of private disappointments—Mr. DICKENS is an acute observer at all times, and our hotels are not the best places to study American character." When this was brought to my notice it seemed instructive. Then I was glad that I was not a lecturer seeking engagements, or I should have known as little of the United States and its people as Mr. DICKENS. Such a notice was an affront to American courtesy to strangers for whom respect had been conceived. Mr. DICKENS's fate was to be taken from platform to platform, like Jumbo, or a giant, or a midge of remarkable proportion—clandestinely; and when he had shown himself to persons who had paid to see him, he was withdrawn into a committee-room, his face wiped, and his hair combed, a little egg and sherry beaten up and administered to him, and then he was secretly transferred to a sleeping car, and no more seen till he rose through the trapdoor of the next stage on which he had to appear. If Mr. DOLBY's unblushing notice had never appeared he would have been quite safe from intrusions of hospitality. As soon as it is known that a visitor's business is to make money, American gentlemen look upon him from a purely commercial point of view, and would regard an invitation given to him as interfering with the receipts of the agents who owned him, since many who would see him privately might be content with that pleasure, and not take seats for his readings. As Mr. DICKENS was already rich, it does not seem worth while that he should appear before a great people who had genuine admiration for him, as a mere collector of dollars. He would not have lost a thousand dollars if he had gone among them as an English gentleman. It is true that the American nation is no great friend of authors, since it "nationalises" their copyrights, to use the new Georgian jargon. Still one could wish that since our favourite novelist had published for circulation "Notes on American" manners, he had presented them with a personal sample of English quality which they might look upon with respect.

LAST CHAPTER.

NATIONAL HONOUR.—RESPONSIBILITY OF ELECTORS.—COBITE CO-OPERATION.—INDUSTRIAL DIGNITY.—EDUCATION OF SETTLERS. THE FUTILE TERRORS OF TRANSITION.—THE AUTHOR'S OUTLOOK.

It is because the "politician" in America works mainly for spoils that the name is in disrepute. The system which gives all offices over to the winning party at an election of the president, attracts venal politicians, and causes the politicians of probity to stand aloof from duty to the State. ARTEMUS WARD said, "I am not a politician, and my other habits air good. I have allus sustained a good moral character. I was never a railway director in my life." In America, as in England, the sense of responsibility for morality in public affairs is increasing among men of culture and wealth. It is coming to be regarded as criminal in them to stand aloof from municipal and national life. Republicans in America relate of one who being neutral, when action for principle was needed, was accused of having gone over to the opposite party; he denied being a Democrat, but admitted that he had the symptoms. In like manner, indifference to the honour of public life is now understood as connivance in its corruption, and they who do nothing personally to purify the State by their own action, may deny their guilt—but they cannot deny that they have all the symptoms of participation in it. The decay of right principle in the mind is quite as obvious in persons as the decay of physical health. The consumption of honour, good faith, and reverence has its signs in speech and action as plainly as the pale face and hectic flush pertaining to consumption of the lungs. The doom of immorality of mind is the same as the doom of disease—death, unless the symptoms are radically checked. Both forms of disease are equally manifest to the eyes of any practised observer. The only difference is that those who die physically are buried; while the morally dead still walk the park or the street, but their decayed souls nevertheless poison the circumambient air.

The principle of inculcating a sense of responsibility of

some kind on the part of voters was undermined in the American mind by a famous speech of FRANKLIN's, which was repeated to me in the Hall of Independence, in Philadelphia, by one who regarded as conclusive his argument, which decided the open suffrage of the country. "If you give a vote to property," said FRANKLIN, "suppose a man's qualification is the ownership of an ass, when the ass dies, does his citizenship cease?" The story was a century old, but it had perfect freshness in the mind of the reciter of it, who considered the absurd-looking issue as warranting the non-provision of any qualification for citizenship. I confess it seemed to me that FRANKLIN's argument of the ass was only fit to impose upon one of that species. The possession of property is thought by all communities to be a guarantee that he who has it, is more likely to vote for its security than he who has none. If he who possessed only a five-dollar donkey was considered to have sympathy with property (without which no civilisation is possible) when the donkey died the sense of property died in the owner, if he had no other possession. If, instead of a five-dollar ass, the voter's sole qualification was a £5 note, if some one stole it from him, or the bank broke in which he had deposited it, and he was left penniless, the sense of possession of property would be no longer left to him, and he might become reckless, as penniless men usually do. There may be other things higher than the possession of property which should constitute the qualification for citizenship. It may be education in the duties of citizenship—it may be mere womanhood, or mere manhood—but if the condition taken as sufficient is that of property, the possession of a donkey or a pig is as good a qualification as the possession of a donkey-house or a pig-house—of a hunting stable or a mansion. I am one of those who think manhood or womanhood a sufficient qualification for citizenship in any State, where social education, by precept and example, is strenuously maintained, and all the conditions under which private interest can be pursued at the expense of the State—rendered, as far as they can be, impossible.

Mr. JOHN GLEDHILL, representative buyer in New York for the English and Scotch Wholesale Societies, gave important evidence before the Senatorial Committee on Education and Labour, on the "benefits to be derived from co-operation." As an exposition of the economic, social, and pacific force of co-operation, Mr. GLEDHILL's testimony is a distinct and

authoritative addition to the national knowledge of America upon this subject. I have sufficiently expressed in these pages my opinion that co-operation is a new force in civilised States, introducing equity in industry and rendering morality profitable in commerce. There is a mineral now found in Missouri called ADAM'S cobite, so hard that it will cut steel without losing its edge. Co-operation is the "cobite" stone of social progress, which will cut through competition where it is hardest, and its own quality remain undulled.

By securing to industry the fruits of its labour, it alone promises to restore labour to honour. This is the need of England as it is of America. This has been shown with insight and force by Mr. MEDHILL, of the *Chicago Times*, whose evidence before the Senatorial Committee (where Mr. GLEDHILL gave testimony, as I have said) was as follows. The reader need not be dismayed; it is the last passage from others I shall cite. Relevant quotations, I hold, are like stars in the firmament of an author's statement, and are often the only bright parts in it. What Mr. MEDHILL said was this:—

The educational system of America—that practised by high schools and colleges—certainly does not train our youth in habits of useful industry. Its purpose is not to increase the effectiveness of labour, to make "Two blades of grass grow where only one grew before." It does not show a pupil how by acquiring a manual art he can double or treble the value of his labour. It does not teach art or science in a practical way. On the contrary, college instruction is conducted with the view of imparting dead languages, elegant literature, and higher mathematics to the students, which is all well enough for the boys of the wealthy leisure classes, but is not best suited to equip the future bread-winners for their work. These academies attract hundreds of thousands of our youth whose purpose is to acquire the art of living by their wits and avoiding manual labour; and this, too, is the purpose of their parents in sending them there. These schools have flooded the professions with men destitute of natural capacity for them, and have swollen the ranks of office-seekers and speculators and professional sharps who subsist by pilfer and pillage. The American system of education has pretty nearly destroyed all desire on the part of our youths to learn trades and become artisans, and it has crowded the ranks of the middlemen with swarms of seekers after genteel employment at wretched wages. Multitudes of farmers' and mechanics' sons seek to be salesmen, clerks, bookkeepers, or agents, and failing to find or retain those situations, they become "sports," billiard-players, bar-tenders, confidence-men—anything, in short, but hand-soiling labourers. With the exception of a few special branches of industry, Americans have surrendered the mechanical field to foreigners, and when more artisans are needed they are imported like other commodities. Every institution of learning should teach art practically, every college should have a technical department. We need industrial schools in every city where the youth can learn trades that will equip them for the struggles of life, and increase the

productiveness and power of labour and elevate it in the eyes of the rising generation. They must be taught to respect, rather than despise, handicraft, and to hold in higher esteem the working bees than the drones in the human hive.

The modern folly of parents hurrying competition, and foregoing all wise leisure themselves, in order to amass money that their children may do nothing, breeds contempt for labour. The remedy for this is industrial education, and especially of that sort which fits the young for the inevitable emigration which awaits them in over-populated countries.

If a mechanic wants to emigrate, he will be the better if he has a friend who can procure him a situation; or ascertain himself in what district persons of his trade are needed, otherwise he will do well to get what knowledge he can, which a settler on the land may need.

Tell farm labourers that they should leave the fields for Clerkenwell to make watches, or go to Northampton to make ladies' boots; they would be discouraged exceedingly, and delay their going. But to become farmers they would go gladly. I have known watchmakers and shoemakers sent out to farm work in foreign lands for which they were no more fit than ploughmen are to make watches, or waggoners to be tailors.

The Canadian Government Guide Book, as the reader is aware, has already conferred great advantage upon intending settlers. It commences by wise and candid sentences, explaining who are the fit and the unfit, and advising the unfit to stay where they are. As I stated (January 21, 1883) in a letter to the *Times*, "The Canadian Guide Book is written by Mr. JOHN LOWE, Chief Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, whose inexhaustible and exact knowledge of every species of information needed by emigrants I had means of judging by observation and report of those who knew more than myself. The luminousness of the narrative, the variety and newness of the information conveyed in it, will not less interest than surprise the reader. Few are aware that Canada is larger than the United States, and has resources of health, fertility, and riches inconceivable to those who know it only through artists who paint its snows and not its harvests and wondrous scenery.

"It is amazing that England should send out millions of her sons to 'fight the wilderness' in America and Canada, and never give attention to emigrant education at home. If Lord DERBY should give heed to this neglected question, emigration would need no votes to promote it in the next generation."

We read in the history of ancient races that it was a practice to bury a faithful dog in the grave of its master, under the impression that as a dog finds its way about better than a man, it would be useful in the next world as a guide to its owner. Every man who goes to bury himself in America or Canada would be the better for a dog guide book, to lead him safely about the new and pleasant world in which he will find himself.

Though I have admitted that there are things, both in Canada and America, that might be changed for the better, I do not conceal from myself that there are many things in England that require amendment—political, moral, and social. Yet I am persuaded that great waves of improvement are sweeping over the world. Even within the period of my own life changes for the better have been so much greater than I expected to see, that this seems like a new world to me. The eternal transition which is the law of all things, great and small, inanimate and human, is the result of the unseen force which, never resting, never hasting, advances the affairs of men. Every system which has fallen, every creed which has been superseded, has, in every age, filled good men with dismay, as that which they thought perfect has been forsaken for new ideals, and that upon which alone they were able to rely for security or consolation has glided silently away before them. The wail of alarm has been heard in every epoch in the rear of the march of progress. I have no transition terror. There is ever struggle, and pain, and conflict going forward; but there is greater peril in lingering in the darkness of decay, when experience, and science, and truth, open new paths of life and light before us.

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